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THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

THE Session has not come to an end without a formal passage of arms between the head of the Government and the leader of the Opposition. Lord HARTINGTON gave his version of the history of the Session, and then Mr. DISRAELI gave his. The chief interest of the proceeding lay in the uncertainty whether Lord HARTINGTON could do his work sufficiently well. It is one thing to speak, as occasion may suggest, on Bills and clauses of Bills, and it is another thing to make a long studied statement, to put together many facts or assertions in a short space and a telling form, and to attack so practised a combatant as Mr. DISRAELI. In attempting to do this, Lord HARTINGTON attempted to do something considerably beyond what he had previously done; and, if his attempt was venturesome, it was successful. He made a decidedly good speech; he selected effective points, and he put those points in an effective way. He said as much that was good of the Opposition, and as much that was bad of the Ministry, as an Opposition leader is bound to do. From a peculiar turn of mind, or from a sense of his social position, or from some cause which it would be futile to try to analyse, Lord HARTINGTON has an attitude towards Mr. DISRAELI which is entirely his own. He does not seem at all vexed or inclined to take things to heart. He recognizes that Mr. DISRAELI has his way of going on, and that his way must be accepted. He has none of that sense of being moved to righteous indignation which sometimes animated Mr. GLADSTONE to such an extent that, as Mr. DISRAELI once said, he was very glad to think that there was a table between them. Lord HARTINGTON is not put out or stung to indignation by Mr. DISRAELI; but then neither is he in the least afraid of him. He is no more rendered uncomfortable by the thought that Mr. DISRAELI has to follow him than he would be if he knew that an Under-Secretary was to reply. What Lord HARTINGTON has got to do he does with a most happy indifference as to what may happen when he has done it. Mr. DISRAELI had a night or two previously given his story of the Session at the Mansion House, and a very strange story it was. Lord HARTINGTON thought that this story was inaccurate, and he undertook to show on what grounds he thought so. It was not a matter of the slightest moment to him whether it was the inaccuracy of Mr. DISRAELI, or of Mr. SMITH, or of any one else, that he had to expose. He had to expose the inaccuracy of somebody, and he exposed it. There was nothing of which any one could complain. There was not the slightest bitterness, nor any want of courtesy; no attempt to shine, no personal hits. A piece of business had to be done, and Lord HARTINGTON did it. He spoke like a steady railway official, recapitulating to a lady complainant the rules of the Company, and dead to the impression which a lady complainant, if young and pretty and witty, may make on ordinary minds. Of all forms of political antagonism this must be to Mr. DISRAELI the most novel, and perhaps the hardest to meet. If it had fallen to Mr. GLADSTONE to review the Session on behalf of the Opposition, he would have made a much more eloquent speech than Lord HARTINGTON made, but he would have shown that he wished to wound, and was open to being wounded; and in an encounter of that sort Mr. DISRAELI is sure to give as much as he gets, and to make the victory at least doubtful.

The details of the speeches of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. DISRAELI have now lost much of their interest. For bad or for good the Session is over, and it is wearisome to be going on for ever in the same round of discussion and criticism. Lord HARTINGTON easily and conclusively

showed that Mr. DISRAELI had no reason for complaining that he had been obstructed by the Opposition. Mr. DISRAELI, on the other hand, praised his own measures to the skies; and it now only remains to see how they will work. But it is perhaps worth while to notice, not so much how the Ministry has done its work as a whole during the last six months, as how it has been doing it in the concluding days of the Session. Pushed into a corner, whether by its own mismanagement or by causes over which it had no control, it has had to rush through business at any cost and in any way. What was in a Bill seemed immaterial so long as a Bill of some sort passed. The Ministry would not hear of any attempts to make the wording of the Bill as to trade offences clear. There were the clauses, and every minute spent in improving them was so much time lost. The Bill anyhow would be a Bill, and that was enough. When the Ministry has had itself to frame a new Bill in these concluding hours of feverish industry, it has tried to save itself embarrassment by making the measure as wide as possible. To consider what a Bill should properly include is a troublesome and delicate task, but if it is made very wide it may be made very simple. The second Merchant Shipping Bill was produced by the Government with virtually only one clause in it, enabling the Board of Trade to do what it thought proper. This was, however, a little too short for the House, and the sweet simplicity of the Bill was spoilt by a number of clauses as to details being inserted. In the same way the Government had in the very end of the Session to frame a Bill to meet the Brighton Aquarium case. The way they encountered the difficulty was characteristic. They did not take away the legal power to sue, for that would have raised the great Sunday question; nor did they make the fiat of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL a necessary preliminary to an action being brought, for that would have been to shut out the machinery of common informers on which the efficacy of the existing Act greatly depends. They promised that the Act should continue in operation, and that actions might go on, but that after an action had been brought to a conclusion the HOME SECRETARY might remit any penalties that might be imposed. But then the Act under which the Brighton Aquarium Company was attacked is only one of numerous Acts under which penalties may be recovered under the form of a civil process. Why should the new provision apply to one of such Acts only? If it ought to apply to others, to which others should it be made to apply? These were puzzling questions, but the Government soon solved them. They spared themselves the trouble of thinking, by simply making the Bill general and providing that all penalties imposed under civil process might be remitted. The Opposition naturally fastened on this. As Mr. LOWE urged, "it indicated a levity of legislation and "almost took away one's breath to think of the vast "extent and great number of circumstances to which "the Bill was applicable." The SOLICITOR-GENERAL warmly defended the general character of the Bill; but Mr. HENLEY raised a warning voice, and in a few minutes Mr. CROSS agreed that the Bill should be confined to the one Act under which the Brighton Aquarium Company had been sued. This was certainly levity of legislation to a wonderful degree; but Mr. CROSS got his Bill through somehow, and was happy.

Bills, however, have got to pass the Lords as well as the Commons, and under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government the Lords used to be always complaining that Bills were sent up to them at a period of the Session when it was impossible to consider them properly. But things are changed

now. A Conservative Government is in office, and the more Bills the Lords can pass in an hour or two just before the prorogation to please such a Government the better they are satisfied. Lord GRANVILLE protested that it was very inconsistent and very unfair to the minority of the peers that there should be so much fuss about rapid legislation when one party is in office and so little when another party is in office. But he cannot help political parties throwing consistency to the winds when they want to help their friends, and he must console himself by reflecting that the Peers have now established a precedent of which it may some day be convenient to have to take advantage. In a single night this week the Lords managed to get through a whole batch of Bills of considerable importance. They were told to accept what the Commons had done that the holidays might not be put off, and they did what they were told. They just discussed the measures submitted to them enough to show that they knew what they were doing, and that was all. There was first the Irish Teachers Bill, which was brought in only a few days ago, and scarcely discussed at all in the Commons. It provides that Irish local authorities may, if they like, grant money to be spent on education, and it was said, on behalf of the Bill, that they could not do much harm, as such authorities might talk about voting money for a public purpose, but would never vote it, so that the Bill would be simply inoperative. It was answered that wrangles about education ending in nothing were bad things in themselves, as leading to the expression of religious differences, and to displays of religious hatred; but such remarks were worth practically nothing. When a powerful Government merely asks that a permissive Bill which it is anticipated will be inoperative should be passed, and asks this at the end of a Session, discussion is useless. The second Merchant Shipping Bill was of course accepted as it stood. The Peers neither wished nor expected to be favoured with a history of its singular origin. Revelations of visions and prophecies are not suited to their tranquil atmosphere. The Agricultural Holdings Bill, which was originally their Bill, came back to them quite transformed. They could not recognize their handiwork; and had to accept a new measure, drafted for them by the Commons, and based on different principles. They had the legitimate satisfaction of recording that their Bill was much more favourable to the tenant, and that it was not the great landowners who had been the least generous to the occupiers; but, as Lord SALISBURY said, whether the new measure was as generous to the occupiers or not as the old one, it was the Bill the Commons had passed, and it must be accepted. The passing of the Judicature Act closed the evening, and it may be safely said that it meets the views of the CHANCELLOR as little as it meets those of Lord SELBORNE; but it has pleased the barristers of the House of Commons to pass it in its present shape, and the Peers had to take what was given them. At last their evening's work was done, and if it showed nothing else, it showed how much truth there is in the assertion of the Conservatives that theirs is the real party to get Bills passed, and the volume of the Statute-book increased.

THE INSURRECTION IN HERZEGOVINA.

INSURRECTIONS in the Turkish provinces would cause less anxiety if the causes of disturbance and the motives of the leaders were better understood. Differences of race and religion aggravate any local discontent which may be produced by the extortions of tax-gatherers, or by the misconduct of local governors. An occasional rebellion may perhaps, as in other communities of similar civilization, form a rude substitute for constitutional checks on the caprice of provincial rulers. An obscure revolt would scarcely attract the notice of distant observers if there were not reason to suspect the presence of foreign intrigue. The insurgents in Herzegovina have apparently hoped for Austrian support, and they count on the sympathy, and perhaps on the material aid, of the disaffected principalities of Servia and Montenegro. If the rebellion extends into Bosnia, it may perhaps become formidable. The small province of Herzegovina, if the population is left to its own resources, can offer no prolonged resistance to the Turkish troops. Highlanders from Montenegro, though they are formidable in the defence of their own hills, would perhaps scarcely be welcome auxiliaries to their neighbours, nor could they encounter regular forces in the open country. The skir-

mishes in which the insurgents have claimed victories were probably unimportant, and the real result is unknown. The control of the district depends on the command of the springs and watercourses; and consequently the range of military operations is confined within narrow limits. The province is bounded on the north by Austrian Croatia, which is inhabited by a kindred population. On the west it is separated from the coast by Dalmatia; and on the south it touches Montenegro. Bosnia intervenes between Herzegovina and Servia, including a strip of territory which is coveted both by Servia and Montenegro. Prince MILAN has since the commencement of the insurrection paid a visit to Vienna, where he seems to have been cordially received. His journey is naturally supposed to have some connexion with the affairs of Herzegovina; but it is not known whether any ambitious designs which he may have entertained have received encouragement. His approaching marriage may perhaps have been the only reason for the visit. The establishment of a Slavonic kingdom formed out of the Northern provinces of Turkey would be utterly inconsistent with the traditional policy of Austria, and the Servians would greatly prefer the present state of things to the extension of the Austrian dominions to the south; yet it is asserted, probably without a shadow of truth, that Count ANDRASSY has so far countenanced the rebellion in Herzegovina as to connive at the despatch of arms and reinforcements to the rebels.

There is no reason to doubt the present sincerity of the alliance which was formed two or three years ago by Russia, Germany, and Austria. One result of the arrangement seems to have been a diminution of the friendly feeling which ordinarily prevails between Austria and Turkey. The assertion by the three Imperial Courts of the right of Roumania to contract commercial treaties was immediately important to Austria alone, if indeed Austrian interests would not have been as fully satisfied by the assent of the Porte to the proposed convention. It is easy to understand the motives which induced Russia to loosen still further the elastic bonds which still nominally unite the Danubian principalities with Turkey; and in all Eastern questions Germany has for some time past uniformly supported the policy of Russia. It is possible that the Austrian Government may have taken the opportunity of the disturbances in Herzegovina to apply additional pressure to the Porte in the matter of the Roumanian treaty. Any explanation of the kind is to be preferred to the improbable conjecture that the great Powers, or Austria alone, can desire at the present moment to attempt the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. A war confined to South-Eastern Europe might perhaps be regarded with indifference or complacency, but no prudent statesman can fail to appreciate the consequences which might ensue from any great territorial changes. It is more especially improbable that Austria and Hungary should promote a war of conquest on ethnological pretexts of identity of race and of language. Only a few years have elapsed since the Russian Government systematically favoured the aspirations of the disaffected Slavonic subjects of Austria. The Prince of MONTENEGRO openly professes himself a Russian vassal; and the Servians, who, if they were wise, would cherish their feudal connexion with Turkey, probably prefer the protection of Russia to the nearer and more dangerous supremacy of Austria. In any case the division of the Turkish spoil would lead to endless quarrels, and probably to a European war. The pacific professions of the three Imperial Courts are the more credible because peace is evidently consistent with their interests.

The accounts of the actual struggle are, as in all similar cases, conflicting and untrustworthy. Unless the origin of every paragraph which appears in German or Austrian papers is accurately known, no reliance can be placed on its accuracy. The contest has not yet become serious enough to make it worth the while of English newspaper managers to send correspondents of their own to the scene of disturbance. Official statements published at Constantinople are only one degree more credible than reports which are evidently furnished by writers who sympathize with the insurrection. The insurgents have attacked or invested the town of Trebigne, which is defended by a small garrison. Where the Turks are in a minority they generally congregate in the towns, while the agricultural population is Christian; and if the inhabitants of the town are, as in other parts of the province, chiefly Mahometans, their defence is likely to be obstinate. The insur-

gents have certainly not entered Monastir, which is the head-quarters of the regular Turkish army in the North-Western provinces, but there may perhaps be other places of the same name. Until the various statements have been authentically confirmed or contradicted, it is unprofitable to discuss their probability or to estimate their importance. Previous experiments of rebellion fomented by hostile neighbours have not supplied the enemies of Turkey with encouraging precedents. The Cretan insurrection received unconcealed aid from Greece; France and Russia constantly urged on the Porte the expediency of concession; and though the English Government adhered to its established policy, the Cretans were not without advocates in the London press. The Turkish Government was sluggish and lax in its military operations, but its resolution never wavered until the rebellion was completely suppressed. The revolt in Herzegovina is far less formidable, even if Montenegro lends its utmost assistance to the insurgents. The Servian Government has troubles and dangers of its own without engaging in a gratuitous quarrel with a superior Power. Since the evacuation of Belgrade by the Turkish garrison, the Servians have no reason, except their hereditary feud, for cultivating hostility against the Porte; and even if they postponed domestic differences to national animosity, a population of a million and a half, without commerce or manufactures, is incapable of maintaining a regular war. The army, which is disproportionate in numbers to the resources of the State, has lately displayed mutinous tendencies; and a civilization which seems to have become rotten before it is ripe has assumed in Servia, as elsewhere, the anarchical form of Socialism.

It is highly improbable that the Government of Bucharest should interfere in aid of a distant rebellion with which it has no concern. More populous, more civilized, and less warlike than Servia, Roumania is wholly unconnected by race or language with its Slavonic neighbours. The whole breadth of Servia and of Bosnia is interposed between Herzegovina and Wallachia, and even if the Roumanian Government sympathizes with the insurgents, it has no means of affording them assistance. It is said that the local Radicals have attempted to provoke a revolution in Bulgaria, but they are also occupied with conspiracies against their own Government. The MINISTER of WAR, lately, before his departure on a mission to St. Petersburg, addressed the officers of the garrison of Bucharest for the purpose of exhorting them to use, as he said, their last cartridge in the event of a disturbance of order. All the provinces which have been partially or wholly detached from the Turkish Empire prove on all occasions their incapacity of maintaining freedom and order. The reason of their failure is probably the artificial introduction of Western notions and institutions, and especially of French theories of liberty and equality. The Prussian Prince who has undertaken the establishment of a dynasty and a Government in Roumania is probably by this time aware that the easiest part of his enterprise was the adventure which placed him on a precarious throne. It is remarkable that no explanation has yet been given of the insurrection which has attracted so much attention. It is said that the Austrian Governor of Dalmatia has favoured the rebels, but it is scarcely probable that he can have set them in motion. It is not known that the inhabitants of the province have complained of any special grievance, and they can scarcely hope to achieve independence. The Montenegrins, who, if the insurrection lasts, will almost certainly join in the struggle, are never at a loss for grounds of quarrel against the Turks. Their Christian zeal always seconds the intrigues of Russian agents; and, above all, they want lowland pastures for their flocks and herds in winter. Unlike the neighbouring tribes, they boast that they have never submitted to Turkish sovereignty; and there is no doubt that they have in fact maintained a rude independence. On the whole, it is probable that the Turkish Government will suppress the insurrection by force, and that there will be no opening for foreign interference.

IRISH PRIESTS AND PATRIOTS.

CARDINAL CULLEN is perhaps by this time reconciled to the scanty attendance of foreign ecclesiastics at the festival which he had designed as a demonstration of the supremacy of the Church in Ireland. The French

bishop, the German canon, and the handful of dignitaries who accepted his invitation must have returned home with the conviction that the leaders of the Irish hierarchy had made a serious mistake. It was easy for Romish prelates, living in an atmosphere of historical fiction, to represent O'CONNELL as the great champion of doctrines which in his time were unknown to laymen and disavowed by the clergy. In the religious part of the ceremonial the prelates had their own way. Archbishop CROKE boasted in his sermon that, as a result of O'CONNELL's efforts, the foreign Church had been humbled; and he naturally asserted that the decisive test of Catholic orthodoxy was devotion and absolute obedience to the POPE. The principle of religious equality, which had been consistently and eloquently proclaimed by O'CONNELL, has been repeatedly condemned by PIUS IX. as a damnable error; nor can it be doubted that every priest and every bishop agreed with the preacher's sectarian intolerance rather than with the popular commonplaces of the famous agitator. The edifying unanimity which had been invoked by the promoters of the celebration scarcely extended further than the church door. Not only the Home Rule party, but the Catholic laity, decline publicly to prostrate themselves before the official representatives of Ultramontanism. Lord O'HAGAN, an eminent Liberal and an earnest Catholic, had been properly selected to deliver the formal eulogy on O'CONNELL which was to be a conspicuous part of the solemnity. In his unavoidable absence for private reasons, no acceptable substitute could be found. In this instance, as in the small attendance of Continental guests, Cardinal CULLEN was fortunately disappointed. Lord O'HAGAN in his proposed address, which has since been published, passed over without notice the ecclesiastical pretensions which had been the exclusive object of the clerical devisers of the Centenary. The address is able and interesting, although it is deformed by the stilted manner of a commemorative oration, which is, according to custom, as artificial and as remote from the language of ordinary life as the style of a sermon. In his youth Lord O'HAGAN was a disciple and friend of O'CONNELL, and he still adheres to the precepts of his master, though he has not thought fit to imitate his questionable practice. One description of O'CONNELL's method is perfectly accurate, though it sounds strangely as the ethical and political practice which commands the approval of an ex-Chancellor. "He aimed to keep Ireland profoundly submissive to the laws, and yet morally ungovernable." The greatest injury which can be inflicted on a community is to render it morally ungovernable. The demagogues who are Lord O'HAGAN's bitterest enemies inherit from O'CONNELL the policy of making Ireland morally ungovernable, and therefore to be governed by Coercion Bills. Although Lord O'HAGAN declined to give expression to the aspirations of the clergy, he not unwillingly profited by their request that he should abstain from dealing with questions of contemporary politics. He was thus enabled to pass over in silence the twenty years of O'CONNELL's mischievous activity after the attainment of Catholic Emancipation. A member of a Whig Ministry could scarcely have advocated Repeal; and the Catholic hierarchy is no longer inclined to favour seditious movements directed to the disruption of the Empire. A Fenian Republic would be far more formidable to the Church than a tolerant Monarchy.

The LORD MAYOR'S dinner which followed the religious ceremony was not less harmonious, inasmuch as the guests consisted of the clergy and their adherents. On the following day the popular element could no longer be repressed. Many thousands of persons marched through the streets with a suitable provision of banners and bands of music. The procession was fortunate in the sympathy of an admiring reporter, who shared the sentiments of the mob with an enthusiasm which is seldom expressed in the columns of the *Times*. It seems that the crowd in the streets exhibited among other things "their own moral greatness"; and that the procession will be memorable "as the greatest event of the kind which ever occurred in this country." A procession, however great, is not an event of a great kind; nor is it easy to display moral greatness by joining a perambulating mob. The candid chronicler adds that the shops were shut, not from the slightest sympathy with the demonstration, but through fear of disturbance. "The more respectable classes, both "professional and commercial, kept aloof from the procession, and gave no outward sign of sympathy or concurrence." Nevertheless the affair was "the most imposing

"and significant that has ever been witnessed in this 'city.' 'Portraits of ST. PATRICK, ERIN, O'CONNELL, 'SARFIELD, and some other famous patriots' were adorned with appropriate inscriptions. It must have been interesting to study the opinions of ST. PATRICK and of the celebrated patriot ERIN on the question of Repeal. The marvels of the procession were recorded in a telegraphic despatch to the *Times* while it was still passing through the streets of Dublin; but a procession so far resembles the analogous journey of human life that it is not to be safely counted happy before its close. The goal of the procession, as it was arranged by the original contrivers of the Centenary, consisted of a platform which had been carefully contrived to hold only a hundred and fifty persons. Admission was to be obtained by tickets, which were cautiously withheld from all but the ecclesiastical party. It was to this select audience that Lord O'HAGAN'S oration would have been delivered if he had been present, and if he had been allowed to speak. Unluckily the Fenians, or Amnesty Association, had occupied the adjacent ground, and some of their number climbed to the sacred platform. It was in vain that the coal-porters, who appear not to belong to the Amnesty faction, cut the traces of an Amnesty vehicle, and that a Professor made a speech to the malcontents, which was cut short by an announcement that they would fling him over if he persevered. When the LORD MAYOR arrived, and attempted to speak, he was silenced by seditious songs with an accompaniment of clanking fetters. Eventually the Home Rulers had all the oratory to themselves; and Mr. BUTT, Mr. O'CONNOR POWER, and Mr. SULLIVAN profited by the occasion. It need hardly be said that the speakers agreed with the *Times*' Correspondent in thinking the procession imposing and magnificent. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER took the opportunity of declaring that "it was an 'insult to the memory of O'CONNELL, who rejected the 'proffered bribe of England, to bring Lord O'HAGAN, a 'pensioner of the Government, on that platform.' O'CONNELL rejected the Mastership of the Rolls, not because it was a bribe proffered by England, but because he could not afford to lose the 'Rent,' which amounted to two or three times the salary of the office. He would have been surprised to learn that it would be imputed as a crime to an Irish Catholic that forty years after Catholic Emancipation he became Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The breach between the priests and the lay demagogues was unavoidable; but the public disclosure of the schism was premature and indiscreet, especially as the LORD MAYOR and the leaders of the adverse faction have proved by subsequent explanations that the quarrel between them was neither casual nor superficial. It is not certain how the rupture will operate in future elections. The Roman Catholics may perhaps for a time attempt to disguise their loss of power by affecting sympathy with the popular party. When they are confident of their strength, they will, if possible, return candidates of their own; or they may even make an unwilling alliance with the party of order. The political position of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has long been exceptional and anomalous; and it will soon cease to be tenable. When, under the guidance of O'CONNELL, the priests were the chief instruments of democratic agitation, they exercised a license which was compatible with the insular independence which they had long enjoyed. Archbishop MACHALE, almost the only surviving ally of O'CONNELL, long since incurred the distrust of Rome because he was an Irishman as well as a Catholic. It was for the purpose of counteracting his influence, and of diverting the clergy from political activity to the pursuit of ecclesiastical aggrandizement, that the POPE appointed as his principal agent in Ireland a prelate who was Italian in education and sympathy, though he was Irish by birth. Cardinal CULLEN has succeeded in reducing the clergy to entire dependence on Rome; and he has consistently denounced the Fenian organization, which is equally hostile to lay and clerical authority. As the chasm between the clergy and the demagogues gradually widened, both parties continued to repeat some of the professions which had been appropriate to their former alliance. The Home Rulers and Fenians affect an interest in denominational education, which in all other countries is odious to votaries of their political persuasion. In the same manner the priests denounce from habit, and for the sake of popularity, the English Government, against which they have no real ground of complaint. By an intelligible coincidence, two legendary O'CONNELLS have been invented

to represent the hostile factions which in his time were united under his direction. The pious and docile son of the Church, whom Cardinal CULLEN and the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN proposed for the admiration of their foreign guests, has little in common with the champion of Repeal, who, as Mr. O'CONNOR POWER adroitly reminded his Fenian audience, was once a political prisoner. Both classes of attributes are so far historical that O'CONNELL was personally orthodox, and that he agitated for the Repeal of the Union; but with all his many faults he was no fanatic in religion or in politics. His great powers, and especially his eloquence, are not exaggerated by Lord O'HAGAN. His compass of voice has probably never been equalled by a public speaker, and it was an invaluable gift when he addressed vast multitudes in the open air. His subtle intellect, his copious fancy, and his ready assumption of passion and enthusiasm, all contributed to his control over his countrymen. His genuine and ready humour would scarcely have been as well appreciated in any other country by the populace and the peasantry. His popularity was, if possible, the greater because he affected something of the state of a feudal chief, for among revolutionary dogmas the Irish have never heartily sympathized with the demand for equality. That he was abusive, mendacious, insincere, and generally unscrupulous, was not a drawback to his popularity. His followers were not unwilling that the alien oppressor should be alternately libelled and cajoled, nor would they have regretted to learn that his character was repugnant to the taste and judgment of Englishmen.

FRAUD AND OVERTRADING.

THE flight from justice of ALEXANDER COLLIE has ended either temporarily or altogether an inquiry which was throwing much light on overtrading and on the frauds to which it is allied or gives rise. That COLLIE should have absconded at the precise moment when strength was apparently about to be given to the prosecution by evidence from a new quarter is in itself disappointing, and shows that the law may be evaded with some success by a person who is at large on bail. It has been urged that, when a trader who has failed for a large sum is released on bail, a much heavier amount of bail should in future be asked for than was thought necessary in this instance. But it is obvious that, if bail is to be accepted at all, the process would be illusory unless a sum were named which there was a reasonable hope of procuring. After the flight of LIZARDI and COLLIE, those who are henceforth asked to give bail cannot fail to take into account the probability that the accused may abscond, and that the sum for which they are asked to engage themselves will be a certain loss to them. It will be hard for the innocent to get bail to a considerable amount, now that the peril that bailsmen run has been made so clear. Nothing can be more idle than to suppose that bailsmen enter into any covenant to produce their man, or are at all accountable for his actions. They simply make a kind of wager that they know him well enough to be right in thinking that he will not run away. They cannot keep watch over him, and do not pretend to do so. All that they have to do is to pay their bet if they lose it. But, although they have no moral duty thrown on them, persons asked to be bailsmen will be so timid for some time to come about making a wager of the sort that, if magistrates are guided by the excitement which attended the news of COLLIE'S departure, and add much to the amount of bail they ask for, there will be no possibility of bail being obtained, and to charge a trader with an offence will be to consign him to immediate imprisonment. In the case of COLLIE it seemed not improbable up to the time of his departure that he would be content to stand his trial. The London and Westminster Bank was the prosecutor, and it was prosecuting him on the ground that he had induced the Bank to part with money by false pretences. Of course, as the inquiry stopped short, it is impossible to guess whether the Bank had or had not sufficient evidence to produce; but it is obvious it might have been the case that the Bank had parted with its money, and that COLLIE had been guilty of false pretences to some one, but that the Bank had not been induced to pay its money by these pretences, but by its reliance on the solvency of the other parties to COLLIE'S bills. The Union Bank of Scotland was, however, about to join in the prosecution, and Scotch banks do not do business in too grand a way. They make inquiries and have time for looking after people. The Union Bank of

Scotland is said not to have parted with its money until it had obtained from COLLIE himself positive descriptions of the business represented by his bills. That these descriptions were false cannot of course be positively asserted, as the trial of a man who runs away when out on bail is not concluded; but it may be asserted that COLLIE did run away at the very moment when a new witness was coming forward to say that he had paid money under the inducement of statements made by COLLIE to himself personally.

The interesting part of the case refers, however, not to COLLIE, but to the trading community generally. The Directors of the London and Westminster Bank have done a real public service by revealing the recent history of overtrading, and it is to their credit that they were not deterred by the thought that the exposure they were procuring would show that they had lost a very large sum of money through an easy and careless mode of doing business. The overtrading of little people has been possible because great people have not been sufficiently vigilant. The London and Westminster has been the greatest sufferer, but many other leading joint-stock banks have suffered also, and suffered in the same way and from the same causes. The banks have large sums on which they pay interest, and which, if they are to gain a higher interest on them and so make a profit, they must use. The general result of what has been disclosed, apart from any peculiar circumstances in COLLIE's case, may be said to be that the banks, in order to use their deposits, have discounted as many bills as respectable discounters asked them to discount. They had the security of mercantile drawers, mercantile acceptors, and of these respectable bill-discounters, and that was enough for them. These bill-discounters in their turn were so anxious to do business that they merely looked to the signatures of the drawers and acceptors. They chose to take it for granted that the acceptors would not have accepted unless the drawers had real value to meet the bills. They exercised no more vigilance in trusting the prior parties to the bills than the banks did. We thus come to the acceptors, and it might be supposed that they at least would use vigilance. But it turns out that in very many cases they exercised no vigilance at all. They accepted, not because they had ascertained that the bills had been drawn in the regular course of business, but because they got a commission for accepting. They were paid something extra to shut their eyes, and they shut them. The main basis of the recent overtrading was that there were so very many people to be found who made a respectable appearance, but who were willing to shut their eyes if they got a commission for shutting them. They knew they were taking a risk, but they took it because they thought the price paid for their taking it high enough. One bank alone held fifty-seven bills drawn by COLLIE and accepted by different acceptors, and none for very large sums, and although it is not easy to get at the history of every bill, the bank has sufficiently traced the history of at least half of these bills to know that a commission was given for accepting them. So long as the process goes on, so long as such acceptors are found and the bill-discounters and banks promptly perform their easy functions, the drawer lives in golden glory at the ultimate cost of the shareholders of the banks. He must of course have some mercantile business, and engage in transactions as large as possible, but it makes little difference to him whether they are sound or unsound. He can trade at a loss and live in a palace. His only difficulty is that the more he loses, the more he must extend his operations. At last he reaches his limit. He cannot replace old bills with new ones, and then his acceptors fail, and then the bill-discounters fail, and then the banks use up their reserve and cut down their dividends.

At every stage some one is to blame. The drawer preys upon the general credulity, and he does harm in a vast variety of ways. Ultimately he brings down one mercantile or bill-discounting house after another, and he disappoints and cripples, if he does not ruin, bank shareholders. But while he is going on as swimmingly as possible, and while his career is as brilliant and pleasant as possible, he has the satisfaction of hurting many persons with whom he has nothing directly to do. He can glut markets and sell at a sacrifice, for the loss does not fall on himself, but on those who have aided him with money. The careful, prudent, regular trader cannot compete with him. There are many merchants who for years have not made as much on their capital by way of profit as they would have got if they had invested their capital

in Consols, had done no work, and run no risk. As they would have to pay their losses, they could not afford to stand the chances of a market constantly depressed by goods being thrown upon it by speculative financiers who had the joint-stock banks to pay for their mistakes. Prudent traders have thus been doing very little lately, and this has been notoriously the case in the Indian trade; and they can have no chance so long as the reserves of the joint-stock banks are at the command of their unscrupulous competitors. Mercantile houses which accept for a commission are in the next degree to blame. They do not perhaps pretend to be doing a mere trade transaction while they know that it is not a trade transaction that is proposed to them; but they take care not to know whether the transaction proposed to them is a trade transaction or not. In the next degree of blame are the bill-discounters, for it is their special business to look closely into the character of the houses which have drawn or accepted the bills proposed to them; and the evidence given during the COLLIE inquiry by a partner in one of the most respectable of these firms shows how very imperfectly this business is apt to be discharged. Lastly in degree of blame come the bank directors, and their fault is not very great, because they are in a great measure the victims of a bad system. It is part of their business, as hitherto understood, to take money at one per cent. under the Bank rate and to lend it at the Bank rate, or at a trifle above that rate if they can get it. If they could always get first-class, sound, unimpeachable bills for the money they thus lend out, the one per cent. of difference gives them a splendid profit. But the amount they have to put out is greater than can be represented by unexceptionable bills, and they are forced to take bills of a somewhat lower character. Their deposits are more than they can make use of on the terms on which they accept them. Nor is this all. Human powers are not unlimited, and a business may be so large that it cannot be managed properly. The checks that may be sufficient to guard the vigilant and wise use of ten millions of deposits may be insufficient when twenty or thirty millions have to be employed. A railway with fourteen hundred miles of length may be managed as well as the North-Western is managed, but the burden might be unendurable if the system were four times as great. Admirably as the joint-stock banks are managed in many respects, it may be apprehended that the biggest are too big; and it is more than probable that the reception of an unlimited amount of deposits at one per cent. under the Bank rate must occasionally force them into difficulties which shareholders who look to a steady profit on all deposits should perhaps rather deplore than censure.

WAR AND CONSTITUTION-MAKING IN SPAIN.

THE general advance of the Alfonsist forces which seemed to promise decisive results has for the present been suspended. It is scarcely probable that QUESADA and his lieutenants, disposing of greatly superior numbers, can be occupied merely in covering the siege of the second-rate fortress of Seo d'Urgel. Perhaps they may be engaged in the collection of magazines in preparation for future movements; but the war has from its beginning been languidly conducted, and neither combatant has shown himself able to follow up a partial success. The contest has hitherto not been fruitful in the higher forms of military capacity. The Madrid Government seems to possess abler generals as well as greater numbers and ampler resources; but the Carlist soldiers fight better than their adversaries. Don CARLOS at present commands his army in person, or, in other words, his chief of the Staff has superseded generals who were perhaps thought too independent. According to the statement of a well-informed Correspondent, the Carlist army was about a month ago ready for an offensive movement into Old Castile. The chiefs, according to their custom, allowed their attention to be diverted to the blockade of Vittoria, and extended their lines so widely as to expose themselves at several points to the attack of superior forces. As the Alfonsist army about the same time commenced its advance, the Carlist movement would probably in any case have been necessarily suspended. Since that time the Carlists have evacuated a portion of their former territory; but it is not known that they have suffered any considerable loss in the field. They abandoned

the town of Seo d'Urgel without any attempt to defend it; and, as they are not strong enough to raise the siege of the citadel, its fall is only a matter of time. It now seems probable that the war will linger on till the winter, when active operations will be suspended. The severe measures which have been adopted by the Madrid generals may perhaps indicate increased confidence on their part; but the war had already been conducted with sufficient cruelty; and if there is any early prospect of peace, it seems injudicious to render the animosity of a hostile population still more inveterate than before. The tenacious loyalty of the insurgent provinces to their chosen King is an admirable quality. It would be impossible to trace in the rest of Spain any similar attachment to any ruler or any form of government; but, as it is impossible for Don CARLOS to conquer or to conciliate the rest of Spain, the paramount object of terminating the civil war can only be attained through his defeat.

The unaccustomed activity of the fleet on the Northern coast has not assumed a satisfactory form. It is said that, although the supplies of the Carlists are principally brought by sea, not a single vessel laden with warlike stores has been captured since the beginning of the war. It is true that there is great difficulty in watching a coast which cannot be legally blockaded, without power to capture in the open sea vessels with cargoes which would be contraband of war. It is not certain that it might not be worth the while of King ALFONSO's Government to encourage the recognition by foreign Powers of the belligerent character of the Carlists. Such a measure would enable the Spanish fleet to intercept convoys at sea, and, if it were thought expedient, to blockade any part of the Northern coast. At present ships laden with munitions of war are safe from search till they approach the shore; and when they come into Spanish waters they have little difficulty in evading the vigilance of the cruisers. Before the accession of King ALFONSO, the apologists of the navy attributed the slackness of the officers to the more respectable cause of disaffection rather than to professional incapacity. As the navy is now supposed to be loyal to the KING, while it has certainly no predilection for Don CARLOS, its inefficiency requires some new explanation. In former times Spaniards displayed considerable maritime aptitude, but all parts of the public service appear to have become thoroughly disorganized. The navy will gain little honour, and the Madrid Government will derive no advantage, from the bombardment of towns of the coast. It may of course be necessary to answer and destroy Carlist batteries, but non-combatants, including friends of the Government, are the principal sufferers by the promiscuous destruction of life and property. In this case, as in the expulsion of the Carlist inhabitants from inland towns occupied by the invading army, the Government or the commanding officers attach undue importance to the object of proving themselves in earnest. The philanthropists who directed the proceedings of the Brussels Conference might find a useful lesson in studying the details of the Spanish war. They might indeed allege that the necessity of their own legislative enterprise was proved by the results of an opposite mode of conducting war; but it is more important to learn how belligerents use their opportunities of reciprocal injury than to lay down arbitrary rules for their guidance.

While the end of the war is once more indefinitely postponed, the politicians of Madrid have been allowed to indulge themselves in the congenial employment of making a Constitution. Not even France can rival Spain in the number of organic codes which have been constructed, sanctioned, sworn to, and disregarded. The so-called Constitution of 1812 was the model of the revolutionary forms of government which were some time afterwards adopted by insurgents in various parts of Europe, including Spain itself. The theorists of sixty years ago were in the habit of taking the English Constitution, according to a version of their own, for their groundwork, and afterwards of eliminating all its historical peculiarities and characteristic securities as obvious defects. The French Constitutions of 1792 and 1796 furnished additional suggestions, and no democratic projector reflected whether his model had either worked or lasted. After the fall of ISABELLA, who had taken little notice of the successive Constitutions which nominally prevailed during her reign, the Cortes proceeded with confident enthusiasm to enact once more the various provisions which had never yet been found effective or useful. Every precaution was taken against the abuse, and almost against the use, of any kind of authority, and it

was carefully stipulated that the fundamental law should never, under any pretence, be generally or locally suspended. The scheme was so symmetrically democratic that an English demagogue of the moment, the same who had presided over the demolition of the Hyde Park railings, invidiously contrasted the perfect and ideal freedom of Spain with the antiquated anomalies of the English Constitution. As might have been expected, not two years passed before it was necessary to establish military law in some of the Spanish provinces. The Government found it quite as easy to suspend the Constitution, including the clause of non-suspension, as if the Cortes had provided no security against exceptional measures. The next Constitution was that of the Republic, which indeed was already established by the rabble and by the majority of the Cortes. The fabric endured for four or five months, till the typical Republican CASTELAR found it necessary again to dispense with all limitations of his power. In six months more the Republic disappeared in its turn, and since that time the Provisional Government, and afterwards the KING and his Ministers, have not troubled themselves with any Constitution. Whether the defect is supplied or not matters nothing to any human being. The Government without a Constitution will not be more despotic than the patience of the country will allow; and with a Constitution it will be as despotic as it can.

The details of the new scheme have not been published, and they will be expected without the slightest feeling of impatience. It will only be interesting to learn whether the latest political projectors have so far departed from former precedents as to make any ostensible provision for the government of the country. Their predecessors have exclusively occupied themselves with the rights of the subject; and consequently it has been found necessary to preserve order and to protect society by extra-constitutional methods. The French device of universal suffrage practically renders freedom and constitutional government impracticable on the Continent. The people, or the numerical majority of the population, can never be the legitimate source of power; but when power has once been nominally transferred to their hands, it is almost impossible to reclaim it. In Spain the evil has been changed in character rather than abated by the official management which always secures the return of a majority in favour of the actual Government. If the KING should be advised to summon a Cortes, the usual result will undoubtedly follow. On one point the reactionary party has thus far secured but an incomplete triumph. According to the draft of the Constitution, dissenting religious sects are to be tolerated, on condition of their confining their ceremonies within the precincts of their places of worship. As Protestants are not in the habit of marching in procession through the streets, the restriction seems harmless, unless it interferes with Nonconformist funerals. A minority of the Committee which frames the Constitution is not satisfied with the clause for the discouragement of heresy. A protest has been published against the toleration of schism in any form; and probably the more stringent system of uniformity would be approved by a section of the Cabinet. As the Irish prelate said the other day in his sermon in honour of O'CONNELL, there is a foreign Church to humble; and the POPE's condemnation of every form of religious liberty is not to be disregarded. The Spanish Liberals, though few of them have any sympathy with Protestantism, naturally object to an unqualified concession of the demands of a bigoted clergy. The Inquisition has not in the result proved itself a beneficial institution, and the modern forms of persecution are more likely to produce disgust than willing obedience. Absolutism and intolerance on one hand, and revolutionary folly and violence on the other, seem likely in the future, as in the past, to perpetuate their disastrous alternation in Spain.

THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF FRANCE.

WHEN the English Parliament is prorogued there is usually a general suspension of political speculation until the approach of a new Session awakens a languid curiosity as to the list of measures which will be announced in the Speech from the Throne. The holidays of the French Assembly have no similar effect. It would be nearer the truth to say that during the Session public attention has been called off from the really important problems which are awaiting solution, by the petty contests

of a moribund Legislature and the manœuvres of politicians to most of whom a dissolution may be the signal of retirement from public life. In England political controversy is for the time at an end, and even the ghosts of buried disputes do not revisit the earth except when the House of Commons is sitting. In France political controversy is only lying quiet until a new Legislature makes it possible to reopen it to real purpose. Consequently the more completely the existing Assembly is out of men's minds, the more room there is in them for consideration. Whether the Constitution which has been built up with so little parade is likely to outlast the Parliamentary life of its authors, no human being can say. No one can speak positively on this point, because the feeling of the French people towards the system under which they have been invited to live has never yet been tested. The acceptance of the Constitution by the great majority of the Assembly proves nothing one way or the other. The whole affair was a "transaction," an arrangement under which each party thought they had got sufficient foothold to give them a starting-point for future efforts. M. BUFFET and M. GAMBETTA may be each of them sincere believers in the work of the 25th of February; but their conceptions of the object of their faith have no resemblance to one another. To M. BUFFET the Constitution is a breakwater against the advance of the Radical tide. To M. GAMBETTA it is rather a jetty from which the ship of the State may start on her voyage as soon as the tide rises high enough. The unanswered question is what the Constitution is to Frenchmen generally, and upon this point the opinion of every observer must be judged on its own merits. There are no data yet forthcoming which justify us in saying more than that one opinion is more probable than another.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* has lately drawn a very dark picture of the future of France. The best that he will allow to be said for it is that the country is "in 'the centre of a cyclone,'" in which "opposing tempests 'produce a relative calm.'" He admits that the French are patriotic in relation to foreigners; but he maintains that their patriotism ceases when they are in the presence of each other. Or, rather, their patriotism is of a kind which leads each party to desire the extermination of its adversaries as being the greatest service which could be done to France. The union and compromise which their English advisers preach to them does not in the least meet their ideas. "They wish for it as little as the Covenanters 'wished for union with the Jesuits, as the Moors of Spain 'wished for union with the Inquisitors of FERDINAND the 'Catholic. All parties hope the time will come when they 'will be able to put their enemies under their feet.'" With men of this temper political toleration is an impossible virtue. Each party hates and despises every other party, and no Government which did not hate and despise in its turn would be safe for a month against attack. France is a country in which irreconcilable principles are constantly stan'ning face to face. Circumstances may for the moment make it so obviously imprudent to begin the attack that each army goes on mutely asking the other to fire first. But this is only a truce prolonged from moment to moment—a truce which, if it imposes inaction externally, does so at the cost of a more bitter exasperation within.

MR. BEESLY has criticized that article in a letter in the same journal. He acknowledges the violence of party feeling in France, though he says, with much truth, that it is more philosophical to look for the explanation of it in the facts of French history than in any inherent peculiarities of French character. But he distinguishes between the political part of the French nation, which is fiercely divided into two hostile camps, and the nation as a whole, which is not thus divided. This moderate and non-political mass "is still very unimpassioned, and is disposed to 'throw its weight on the side of the party which may 'appear most likely to promote the welfare of France.'" But its views upon this point have, in Mr. BEESLY's opinion, been undergoing a slow but steady change, and "within the last three years it has been possible for the 'first time to say with truth that a majority of the nation 'desires Republican institutions." Mr. BEESLY then undertakes to explain in what M. GAMBETTA's moderation consists. It has nothing to do with imaginary party combinations in which the reactionist minority and the Republican majority will obtain their precise proportions of Cabinet influence. This, according to Mr. BEESLY, would be but a "purblind policy of conciliation." What M. GAMBETTA has really done has been to secure time for the

Republican majority in the country to assert itself by averting "the only events that can defer the consummation"—a *coup d'état* or a popular outbreak.

This is, on the whole, a more probable account of the situation in France than that given in the article which called forth Mr. BEESLY's letter. It is neither possible nor desirable that Republican Administrations should long continue to be constructed on the principle of representing every party in the Assembly except the Republicans. If the general election gives the Republicans the command of the Chamber of Deputies, the natural result will be the formation of a homogeneous Cabinet. It would be an excess of moderation in M. GAMBETTA if he were to choose M. BUFFET as a colleague. The really important question which the future will have to decide is, not with whom will M. GAMBETTA work, but what will be his policy? Hitherto his efforts have been chiefly directed to keeping his followers quiet. If he had failed in this, the mass of the nation would have been frightened out of its nascent Republicanism, and the reactionary party would once more have been placed in power by the faults of its adversaries. It is M. GAMBETTA's distinction among French Republicans that he has recognized and allowed for the dislike of extreme measures, and of men associated with extreme measures, which animates the greater part of the French nation. If the leader of the Left had refused to see this, that majority which is now believed to desire Republican institutions would have been driven to make its choice between the discredited parties which are hoping to found the Government they specially desire on the ruins of the Republican experiment. Mr. BEESLY is silent on the uses to which M. GAMBETTA will put the majority which the elections are expected to give him. But a politician who has studied, seemingly to so much purpose, the temper of the unimpassioned mass may be trusted not to irritate, when in power, those whom he has been so careful to conciliate when in Opposition. At least, if this is too much to expect of him, his labours during the last two years will have been thrown away. If, on the other hand, those labours are the expression of a genuine conviction that the Republic, if it is to last, must approve itself to the majority of Frenchmen as the Government which is most likely to promote the welfare of France, they are probably approaching their term. Englishmen are apt to argue as though M. GAMBETTA would for ever have to work with the same Parliamentary tools that he has now. But if the future Legislature truly represents the electors, and if the Republicanism of the electors is a Republicanism not of the old type which M. GAMBETTA has abandoned, but of the new type which he has divined by anticipation, the Left which he will lead in the Chamber of Deputies will be a very different Left from that which he has led in the Assembly. Were it otherwise, the prospects of France would be as gloomy as the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes them. The forbearance of the Left would come to an end with the disappearance of the Assembly, and of the Coalition Cabinets which are all that the Assembly can furnish, and the worst consequences of party violence would soon become manifest. But if the Left itself is reconstructed in the electoral cauldron, and becomes the embodiment of that practical and rational Republicanism which many careful observers attribute to the mass of the nation, M. GAMBETTA's party in Parliament will, for the first time, correspond with his party in the country.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD ON ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

ONCE a year the attention of persons interested in the education of the poor is recalled from speculations as to what ought to be done to the narrative of what is actually doing. The Reports of the School Inspectors, which are annually printed in the Appendix to the Report of the Committee of Council on Education, are of very various degrees of merit, but they agree in giving the results of actual experience and comparison of a large number of schools, and from this point of view they have all a certain value. The Appendix to the Report for the year 1874, which has lately appeared, is especially interesting as containing a renewed attack by Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD on the principle of payment by results. Mr. ARNOLD begins by a statement which we are perfectly ready to accept. The "slightness of hold upon the great body of children attending them, which is the weak side of our

"schools," can only, he says, be remedied by "an increased sense of the general necessity of instruction, leading to a general enforcement of school attendance." In 1868, when the Revised Code had been five years in operation, Mr. ARNOLD insisted that irregular attendance was the great cause of a school's badness, "not the insufficient attention paid to the younger children by the teacher." At that time he had lately returned from visiting schools on the Continent, and he found in English schools, as compared with those he had seen abroad, "a lack of intelligent life," which he thought much more striking than it had been when he returned from the Continent in 1859. He detected a corresponding falling-off in the acquirements of the pupil-teachers at the yearly examinations, and he attributed both the lack of life in the children and the falling-off in the teachers to the "making the Government grant in a country where every one is disposed to rely too much on mechanical processes, and too little on intelligence, depend in the main on a mechanical examination in a minimum of reading, writing, and arithmetic." Writing seven years later, Mr. ARNOLD finds the same faults both in children and teachers. The minds of the former, even of those who can pass the examination, are unawakened and uninformed to a degree which "exceeds anything of the kind to be found in foreign countries." Mr. ARNOLD mentions that in a school of seventy children which he visited last year—a school with annual grants and pupil-teachers—there was not a single child who knew the meaning of the word "feeble"; and he adds that, the longer his experience, the more he discovers "how prevalent among our school children is the condition of mind which this sort of ignorance indicates." A further test of the same deficiency of intelligence is furnished by the grammar papers of candidates for admission to the training schools. It is the paper, says Mr. ARNOLD, which most directly deals with letters properly so called, while the candidates have in general been picked scholars of our elementary schools, have been retained under instruction till the age of eighteen or nineteen, have taught in elementary schools as assistants, and are destined to teach in them as principals. At no time during the last four-and-twenty years has Mr. ARNOLD known these grammar papers worse done. The point on which this estimate principally rests is the paraphrase of a passage of English poetry, and certainly the examples given by Mr. ARNOLD do show an extraordinary want of intelligent appreciation of the passage chosen.

There can be no question, unfortunately, of the truth of Mr. ARNOLD's estimate both of scholars and teachers. He has an extensive knowledge of the facts, and extraordinary qualifications for appreciating them. But it is not equally certain that the faults he mentions are due to the operation of the Revised Code, while it can be shown, we think, that, if they can be traced to that cause, it is to a mistaken interpretation of the Code rather than to the Code itself. We do not deny that the only complete cure for the evils which were prevalent before the introduction of the Revised Code would have been a general enforcement of school attendance. But that remedy would have been absolutely impracticable in 1862, and the Education Department of that day had to consider whether any other expedient could be devised to ensure that children should not leave school without at the least some mechanical proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic. It was surely a thing to be expected that, if the Government grant depended on the Inspector's estimate of the general intelligence of the scholars, unconscious teachers would devote all their time and energy to pushing forward the most promising children. It was in itself a much less wearisome process than bringing on the backward children, and inasmuch as it was these promising children who would most strike the Inspector's attention, it was the process best calculated in a majority of cases to secure a large grant. Here and there no doubt an Inspector of more than ordinary discernment and energy would be at the pains to ascertain the proficiency of the lower classes, and would have the sense and the fairness to give the results of his investigation in this usually unnoticed quarter their full share in his ultimate judgment upon the state of the school. But many Inspectors would not take this additional trouble. They would judge the school by the children whom the teacher offered as a sample. It was to meet this state of things that the principle of payment by results was introduced. The Revised Code may not have done what nothing but what a

general enforcement of school attendance can do, but it has done the particular thing contemplated by its framers. It has compelled teachers to pay some attention to all the children in the school, and it has compelled Inspectors to satisfy themselves that this minimum of attention has been paid.

In the Report of the Education Department for the present year there is a significant quotation from the Instructions issued to the Inspectors in September 1862, after the introduction of the Revised Code. This passage would of itself constitute a justification of the changes then made, because it shows conclusively that, in so far as that Code has had the deadening effect which Mr. ARNOLD laments, it has been attributable to misconceptions or carelessness on the part of those who have had to administer it. The complaint is that the Revised Code substituted a mechanical mode of examination for the free play of intelligence which had previously been allowed both to teachers and Inspectors. But the Inspectors were from the first directed to judge every school by the same standard that they had previously used. "The grant to be made to each school," say the Instructions of 1862, "depends, as it has ever done, upon the school's whole character and work." The examination by standards does not supersede the Inspector's general judgment on the state of the school; it presupposes it. The new Code "does not prescribe that if thus much is done a grant shall be paid, but unless thus much is done no grant shall be paid. It does not exclude the inspection of each school by a highly-educated public officer, but it fortifies this general test by individual examination." It is clear from this passage that, if any Inspector has permitted himself to rest satisfied with the results of the individual examination of the children, and has held himself excused from the additional labour of testing the general character and work of the school, he has not been carrying out his instructions. That some, perhaps many, Inspectors have overlooked their duty in this respect seems probable, for the Report of this year says that certain "branches of instruction beyond the standard course have recently been neglected by school managers and teachers on the insufficient ground that no special grants were offered by the Code for their encouragement." It is in reference to this omission that the quotation is made from the Instructions of 1862, and it is added that "the spirit, and even the letter," of these Instructions "appear to have been strangely forgotten." The truth probably is that the Inspector who, when he was not obliged to examine every child, did not trouble himself to ascertain whether every child was taught something, has not troubled himself, since he has been obliged to examine every child, to do anything more than this. It is mechanical Inspectors, not mechanical examinations, that have created mechanical teaching.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

THE complaint that the Indian Budget is not brought forward until the end of the Session is more serious in appearance than in reality. It is easy to make out a plausible case against the indifference of the House of Commons to Indian affairs, and to attribute such disaffection as may exist in India to the irritation of the natives at the neglect with which they are habitually treated. As a matter of fact, however, it is exceedingly doubtful whether any appreciable section of the QUEEN's Indian subjects draw any distinction between the Executive and the Legislature, or have any knowledge of the theoretical subordination of the Government of India to Parliament. At all events, discontent which could be cured by a particular statement being made in March rather than in August, and by the discussion arising out of it securing the equivocal honour of an adjourned debate, can hardly be of a very formidable kind. Apart from its alleged action on native feeling, indifference is the best temper that the House of Commons can display towards India. Even Mr. FAWCETT admits that, if we were reconstructing our Indian Administration, there would be reason in the plea that India ought to be governed in India. But he contends that under the existing system India gets all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of Party Government. The Secretary of State for India is a member of the Cabinet, and he may therefore be compelled by the exigencies of English politics to resign his office just as he is about to render some great service to India. Mr. FAWCETT contends that, in return for this, India ought to

have the benefit of free Parliamentary discussion. This view of the case is incorrect, both as exaggerating the injury likely to be done to India by a change of Ministry and as suggesting a remedy which would only make matters worse. A change of Ministry would hardly ever have the effect which Mr. FAWCETT attributes to it. The essential service to India which he pictures as being about to be rendered by an outgoing Secretary of State would probably have been settled in consultation with the Viceroy rather than with the Cabinet; and if it was as plainly beneficial as Mr. FAWCETT assumes, the succeeding Secretary of State would have no motive for overturning his predecessor's plans. Even if a change in the Home Government implied more than this, it would be in no way compensated by a larger measure of Parliamentary debate. Mr. FAWCETT speaks of this last as though it were the good side of party Government, the liability to a change of Ministry being the bad side. But where India is concerned this distinction does not hold good. Liability to have the measures of the Government of India deranged by Cabinet changes at home may be an evil; but liability to have the measures of the Government of India debated with the prejudice and half knowledge which would from time to time be brought to bear on them in the House of Commons would be a much greater evil.

The discussion on Monday night was satisfactory, as showing how completely the criticisms of some Anglo-Indian journals on the famine policy of the VICEROY have failed to find a representative in the House of Commons. Even Mr. SMOLLETT, who had nothing to say in praise of Indian administration generally, had only commendation for Lord NORTHBROOK. It would have been unfortunate if English members had shown any scepticism as to the existence of a need for extraordinary exertions, or had condemned the Government for determining to save life even at the cost of a profuse expenditure. The display of such a temper would as a matter of course have been used in India as proof of the cruel dispositions of the English race towards the native population. Whatever other faults may be found with the part played by the House of Commons in Indian affairs, it cannot be said that it tried to hold the hand of the Government in dealing with the famine. The revenues of India have unexpectedly proved able to bear the drain of the famine expenditure. The total outlay incurred by the Government amounted to 6,500,000*l.*, and of this nearly two-thirds has been defrayed out of what, but for the famine, would have been the surplus revenues of the last two years. At the close of the famine about ninety-five thousand tons of rice remained over out of a total purchase of about four hundred and eighty thousand tons. Considering the necessary uncertainty as to the amount of food that would be required for the relief operations, this is not too large a discrepancy. Had the spring crops of 1874 been less productive than they were, the whole of this surplus stock would have been needed to keep the population alive. When the discussion turned to the measures by which future famines are to be prevented, there was less unanimity. Mr. SMOLLETT made his usual attack upon irrigation, and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON made the usual answer that there is irrigation and irrigation. That the prevention of famine implies a large outlay on public works of various kinds is beyond question, and, as in all similar cases, there is a certain degree of danger that the sense that something ought to be done may lead Indian statesmen to spend money hastily or lavishly. But the Government of India is as little likely as any government in the world to fall into this error. It has had a large experience of unprofitable irrigation schemes, and it can hardly be insensible to the impropriety of burdening India with additional debt in order to swell the list of unremunerative public works. But "unremunerative" is a word which may very easily be misapplied. In one sense a work is unremunerative when it does not pay a proper percentage on the cost in the form of rates or dividends. In another sense a work is unremunerative when it does not increase the prosperity of the country, and consequently does not swell even indirectly the revenue drawn from the people. No public works should be undertaken which threaten to be unremunerative in this latter acceptation; but the prohibition ought not to be extended as a matter of course to works which are only unremunerative in the former acceptation.

The objections which Mr. JOHN CROSS at one time proposed to raise to the Indian import duties were hardly re-

ferred to on Monday. The VICEROY has just informed the Home Government that he has made certain alterations in the tariff, and Lord SALISBURY has pointed out, in a despatch which is still on its road to Calcutta, that even without an import duty the manufacturers of India would hold their own against the coarser fabrics of Manchester. In the long run there is little doubt that this prediction will prove true. India has the raw material on the spot, and she has an unlimited command of labour—advantages which will eventually balance, if not outweigh, the superiority of Lancashire in other respects. But at present the competition of Manchester is not a fair competition. It is not a race of Manchester cotton goods against Indian cotton goods, so much as of Manchester goods which have the form of cotton without the substance against Indian goods which have the substance under an inferior form. Import duties have done something to stimulate Indian manufactures, but the real impetus has probably been given by the professional dishonesty of English manufacturers. The policy of the Government of India in imposing an import duty on cotton goods needs no defence. It is a revenue duty, which is a sufficient answer to the charge of Protection. So long as the growth of cotton in India seemed likely to supply more raw material to the Lancashire mills, the English manufacturers were never tired of pressing on the Government the benefit that India would derive from the increase and improvement of this particular crop. Cotton cultivation ought, they urged, to be encouraged and extended by all the machinery that the Government could bring to bear. It now seems likely that the growth of cotton will benefit India in a very direct and unmistakable way; but the benevolent enthusiasm of Manchester has wonderfully cooled in the interval. There is no reason, of course, why millowners should be more unselfish than their neighbours; but there is a semblance of inconsistency in an objection to the manufacture of cotton by the natives, when it comes from men who ten years ago were full of ingenious demonstrations that the prosperity of India was indissolubly associated with an increased production of the raw material.

THE SESSION.

THE Session which has now come to an end has not been a very pleasant, or profitable, or interesting Session; but it has at least served the purpose of enabling the nation to judge what the new Conservative Government is like. The general result is one of disappointment. The Government is amiable, but timid. It does not so much do things as trust to the ingenuity of Mr. Disraeli to explain that it has done them. The business of the House of Commons has been inadequately managed. Time has been wasted, controversies have been needlessly multiplied. Mr. Disraeli has not shown the tact and readiness which it was expected he would display in guiding the House through the thorny paths of personal discussions. But although the Ministry has not shown itself great or successful, it has merits sufficient to call for recognition. It has passed some measures which are fairly good; it has been moderate in aim and temper; and most of its members have done well in their respective departments. Lord Cairns has, indeed, as Chancellor, done much less than might have been anticipated from his legal power, his width of view, his extensive experience, and the command over the House of Lords which he displayed in opposition. He altered the scheme of his Judicature Bills in deference to a fraction of his party which did not even condescend to submit its reasons to the test of a public debate. He invented a scheme for dealing with the Patent Laws, and, having invented it, allowed it to go quietly to sleep. He shrank altogether from treating the difficult and complicated problems which are suggested by the confused and incoherent state of the Marriage laws. But if Lord Cairns is an exception, he is the only exception. Mr. Cross has shown vigour, firmness, and a considerable mastery of the subjects he has taken up. Mr. Hardy and Mr. Ward Hunt have brought to the fulfilment of their duties an amount of personal industry and vigilance which has taught them that, if they are to vary from the policy of their predecessors, the variation must be cautiously made and confined within narrow limits. Sir Stafford Northcote has met on terms of equality, and sometimes of advantage, adversaries so formidable in financial controversies as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, and has shown himself capable of leading his party in the occasional absence of Mr. Disraeli. Lord Salisbury has continued to govern India with prudence and zeal, although he found himself, through no fault of his own, in one unpleasant scrape, from which there was no comfortable mode of extrication, and he cut the knot by a high-handed act which at least was so good a solution of the difficulty that no one in Parliament suggested that there was a better one. Lord Carnarvon has displayed patience, firmness, and some originality in dealing

with Natal. Lord Derby has been discretion itself, and has avoided with the utmost care every semblance of a spirited foreign policy. In short, the Cabinet has done its daily work well, has tried to conciliate everybody, and has never wandered for a moment into the paths of Conservative reaction. All that can be said against it is that, as regards legislation, it likes its day to be a day of small things, and that it so manages its business as to waste a good deal of public time. There is no wish on the part even of Liberals that it should be replaced by any other Ministry. The country is satisfied with its gentle Liberalism, and if there is little to admire in it, there is very much to like.

Small sticks will make a respectable faggot if there are enough of them, and the Bills that the Ministry has passed are many, if for the most part small. Twelve measures were announced in the Queen's Speech, and on nine out of the twelve subjects to be dealt with an Act of some sort will be added to the Statute Book. The institution of a Public Prosecutor faded away altogether like a dream. Lord Salisbury, after having applied himself with his usual avidity of work to the cleansing of rivers, was obliged to own that rivers must for the present, and perhaps for years, remain as dirty as ever. Mr. Cross, after having introduced a Bill for increasing the punishment to be inflicted on persons guilty of aggravated assaults—which, however, contained no provision for ensuring that such persons shall not escape with almost complete impunity through the leniency of magistrates—and after having carried his flogging clause by an enormous majority, withdrew his measure towards the end of the Session on the extraordinary ground that we must not legislate under a panic. But the Government has got through a Bill on every other subject mentioned in the Queen's Speech. It has invented and successfully carried out what may be termed the sign-post theory of legislation. It puts up big boards showing the way in which good people may travel if they like. If bad people like to go some other way, they may, but at any rate the proper road is marked out for nice-minded persons. If an owner is seized with a fancy for registering his land, he can do it. If a tenant and his landlord like to come under clauses regulating compensation, they may come. If Friendly Societies choose to have their accounts audited by an efficient accountant, they may call one in. If in the larger towns the authorities like to knock down bad houses, they may knock them down, and see whether better houses will be built; and fortunately there seems already good reason to expect that advantage will be taken of what may prove to be a very useful Bill. There is, of course, a possibility of litigation arising under some of the Government Bills, but the Government has saved itself all trouble on this head by using the County Court Judges as maids-of-all-work, and has referred everything to them, as it is understood that they can be made to get up at any hour of the morning. When the subject-matter of a measure was too difficult to be treated in this light and airy way, the Government surmounted the obstacle by bringing in a temporary measure. A Bill may be a bad Bill, but it is pleaded that it cannot do much harm if it is only to be in force for a twelve-month. Baffled by the opposition which the Judicature Bills created, Lord Cairns slid out of his embarrassment by proposing that the jurisdiction of the House of Lords should last at least another year; and when popular grief and indignation and pity for Mr. Plimsoll forced on the Ministry a sense of the greatness of the blunder it had made in abandoning the Merchant Shipping Bill, Sir Charles Adderley offered to guarantee the lives of seamen for a twelve-month if he was made dictator. Two of the other Ministerial Bills may be said without hesitation to be creditable to their authors. The Bill for the Preservation of Peace in Ireland was drawn with a desire to make every concession consistent with the security of life, property, and order, and was fought through with equal firmness and good temper. The Bills for regulating the relations of employers and employed, and for defining anew the punishment to be inflicted for offences committed by workmen, were introduced by Mr. Cross in one of the best speeches of the Session, and every effort was made to please workmen by excepting breaches of contract from criminal consequences, by using general words so as to include all persons where it was not absolutely necessary to mention workmen expressly, and by altering the law of conspiracy in their favour. Mr. Cross did indeed get his Bill into a verbal muddle before it left the Commons. But the Chancellor mended the Bill when it got into the Lords, and the Ministry generally is entitled to credit when one colleague thus helps another, although unfortunately there is reason to fear that, even after Lord Cairns has done his best to mend it, the Bill contains ambiguities that will make both employers and workmen wish that the law that is to guide them had been clearer.

Of the measures beyond those noticed in the Queen's Speech, the Regimental Exchanges Bill was the one which, if not the most important in itself, provoked the warmest discussion. Mr. Hardy urged that it was framed in accordance with the conclusions of Commissioners who, having been appointed by the late Government, ought to command the confidence of the Opposition; to which it was replied that it was true that the Commissioners had suggested the restoration of bonuses on exchanges, but that it was no part of their business to do so. There could be no doubt that theoretically the Bill was inconsistent with the principles on which Lord Cardwell had carried the abolition of purchase, and that it opened the door to some possible abuses. But the military authorities strongly protested that they would practically see that the Bill did no harm; it gave pleasure to officers, and the Ministry, with its usual anxiety to avoid offence, took

care to refer to it as little as possible, and to avoid assuming the air of having gained a party triumph, although the passage of the Bill afforded them the only occasion on which they had in the course of the Session to use a strictly party majority, and to silence argument by votes. The minor measure of which the Ministry affects to be really proud is the Bill for the reduction of the National Debt. It is a measure that may possibly do good, for it no doubt provides that at a future time money shall be raised by taxation to reduce the Debt. Whether, when the time comes, money will be raised, no one can say, as the House of Commons will always have the choice before it of really finding the money or suspending the operation of the Bill. The discussion of the Bill, however, gave Sir Stafford Northcote an occasion of discussing with Mr. Gladstone the merits of the rival scheme of reducing the Debt by the creation of Terminable Annuities, and of showing that when the light of free criticism is turned on Mr. Gladstone's favourite device, its beneficial operation, which is limited by the extent to which the State can lend money to itself, is seen to consist mainly in making taxpayers pay money unconsciously to reduce the Debt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was less successful in his Savings Bank Bill, for he was beaten in his attempt to mix up the accounts of the different classes of Savings Banks together, and had to engage that, although they might be mixed together, they should also be kept separate. The Government has also provided St. Albans with a bishop, and has at the close of the Session carried a curious Bill by which the Brighton Aquarium and similar places will be permitted to be kept open on Sunday afternoons, not by the antiquated Act which closes them being repealed, but by Mr. Cross being able to remit the penalties which opening them would entail. Experience alone can decide how the provisions of so guarded a measure as the Food Adulteration Act will work in practice; and the same may be said of a very different scheme of the Government, that by which they have tried to overcome the difficulty presented by the low character of Irish education, or the wretched pay of the teachers, by providing that when Irish districts come forward with aid for education, the Government may increase the grant. It seems un-Irish to pay voluntarily a part of a sum instead of demanding to receive the whole as a right. In England the Government has in the region of education shown itself earnest and successful. Lord Sandon has warmed into his work, has set himself to raise the standard of education, and has gradually come to the conclusion that those who want the poor to be taught little and badly cannot be allowed even by a conciliatory Government to have everything their own way.

The Ministry is willing to concede that it has not done all that it could have wished; but it urges that it has had unusual difficulties to encounter. The debates on the Irish Peace Preservation Bill took up a large part of the Session; a whole host of personal questions amused the House, but delayed business; the various sections of the Opposition obstructed the progress of Government measures. The Ministry had done their best to narrow as much as prudence would permit the range of the measure for the coercion of disaffection in Ireland, and more especially had abstained from proposing the further continuance of the restrictions on the press. But the Irish members were, or affected to be, indignant that Ireland should be treated in any way differently from England and Scotland. They protested that there was no disaffection, and offered the Irish priests as witnesses of the truth of their assertion. The members of the Government could only say that in their opinion some degree of coercion was indispensable, and that, as they were responsible for the security of life and property, they must rely on the information they had gathered for themselves. Day after day, and night after night, the Irish members fought every clause and almost every word of the Bill; and unfortunately it was drawn in the worst style of modern drafting, and was utterly unintelligible to ordinary readers. On this theme Mr. Biggar, among others, dilated in a speech which lasted four hours, the little he had really to say being filled out with copious extracts from Blackstone and Blue-books. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, however, never lost his temper, and by conciliation and firmness managed at last to get his Bill through; and the good management of the Government was rewarded by a handsome acknowledgment on the part of Mr. Butt, which Mr. Disraeli instantly accepted as a message of peace, to the discontent of some fiery spirits, who vowed that they did not like peace at any time or under any circumstances. Nor did the Government complain of the opposition it had met with. Mr. Disraeli owned that it was right and natural that Irish members should stick up for Ireland, and if many precious weeks had been consumed in the passing of a single measure, yet there was the compensating advantage that the Irish members had had their say, and that full justice had been done to their arguments and entreaties.

No Session of modern times has seen so many questions of a personal nature arise like clouds of the size of a hand and gradually overshadow the whole Parliamentary sky. The result was in some instances so far satisfactory, that important points of Parliamentary practice have been established. It was decided very properly in the case of Stroud that a new writ should issue, because, although there had been a series of contests and of unseatings on petition in a limited time, no Judge had reported that extensive corruption prevailed. It was decided with equal propriety that in the case of Norwich a writ should not issue, because a Judge had reported that, although the sudden stoppage of the inquiry on a petition prevented him from following out thoroughly the traces of misdoing, yet he had discovered enough to make him strongly suspect that extensive corruption did prevail. The return

of Mr. Mitchel for Tipperary raised, what happily for the dignity of Parliament was quite a new question, whether a convict who had not served out his sentence could sit in Parliament. Mr. Disraeli acted with unusual promptitude, and got the House to declare without delay that the election was void and that a new writ should issue. Mr. Mitchel being again placed at the head of the poll and the candidate in the minority being returned, the validity of the return was questioned, and established by an Irish law court, and Tipperary has acquiesced contentedly in being represented by a Conservative member. Some of the Home Rulers also complained that during the preceding recess Mr. Lopes had used very disparaging language about them, and Mr. Disraeli advised him to express regret for what he had said; but when Dr. Kenney tried to call Mr. Ashley to account for remarks he had made out of Parliament on the use made by Dr. Kenney of the witness Luie, it was felt to be necessary to uphold the salutary rule that the House of Commons would notice nothing said of any of its members unless said of them in their Parliamentary capacity. Dr. Kenney raised a question at the very earliest point in his Parliamentary career at which he could possibly raise one, by presenting himself for admittance without having any one to introduce him. Mr. Disraeli, with kindness and tact, surmounted the difficulty at once by gaining permission for him to take his seat without having the countenance of any one to introduce him. He immediately began, with the assistance of Mr. Whalley, to besiege Parliament with all kinds of notices, questions, and petitions about the Tichborne trial. One of these petitions, known as the Prittlewell petition, which contained not only charges against Judges, but abuse of the Speaker, led to the clearing up of an interesting point of Parliamentary procedure. It was decided that petitioners may charge any officials with any offence, but that they must not abuse Parliament or a Parliamentary authority, and that a member presenting a petition performs a purely ministerial act, and does not in any way intimate that he approves of the petition he presents. Dr. Kenney indulged in the wildest language out of the House, and attempted to bring the pressure of ignorant mobs to influence the House of Commons, but he would not bring on his motion for an inquiry into the conduct of the Judges he accused until he was forced to do so at the end of April by the indignant remonstrances of men of all parties in the House. In a single night his gigantic bubble was burst for ever. He said what he could, but had nothing to say; and he showed once for all that, when brought to the test of public discussion in a competent assembly, he had no grounds whatever for the virulent accusations by which he had been for months endeavouring to undermine the respect of the people for the administration of law. The House of Commons never did a better piece of work than this conclusive exposure, and could not have done its work in a better way.

In all these personal questions Mr. Disraeli guided the House wisely and well. But on other occasions he was less successful. A letter addressed to the Foreign Loans Committee had been published in two of the daily papers, and in this letter, written by a foreigner at Paris, remarks were made adverse to the character of a member of Parliament. It was moved, and Mr. Disraeli permitted the motion to be carried, that the printers should be summoned to the bar of the House. He invited, but invited in vain, some member of the Committee to state how it happened that this letter was published, which was the only question the printers were summoned to answer. It did not occur to him at the time, as he afterwards frankly owned, that the House might direct the Committee at once to report on the matter. When it did occur to him, the desired information was immediately obtained, and the House was placed in the somewhat ridiculous position of having to give up its summary process against the printers. About the same period the abuse of the power enjoyed by members of calling the attention of the House to the presence of strangers excited attention, an Irish member having used his privilege to turn out the Prince of Wales, who had come to listen to a harmless controversy on the breeding of horses; and this was followed by another Irish member causing strangers to withdraw at a moment when Mr. Hardy was commenting on the very subject of the exclusion of strangers. Mr. Disraeli was timid, cautious, and irresolute in dealing with these matters, and left it to Lord Hartington to move resolutions by which it was sought to give a proper recognition to reporters, and to limit the power of excluding strangers. Finally, Mr. Disraeli would only allow the latter subject to be dealt with, and he passed a Sessional order that strangers should only be excluded by a motion adopted by the House without debate. These matters, however, though interesting in their way, were dull and tame compared with the great scene in which Mr. Plimsoll, who had been driven into a sort of temporary madness by the unfortunate resolution of the Government to abandon its Merchant Shipping Bill, made specific charges against another member of Parliament, and recorded a wild protest against the Ministry which had refused to take thought of the lives of perishing sailors. The charges made by Mr. Plimsoll—which, as is too often the case with his charges, were made at random and with a deplorable recklessness—naturally led to exculpatory statements from the member attacked, and a whole afternoon was spent in deciding what was to be considered a satisfactory atonement to this member, when made, not by Mr. Plimsoll himself, but by one of his friends for him. This, however, was only a minor consequence of the scene of which Mr. Plimsoll was the hero. It produced in the country a sudden and extraordinary effect. The Ministry was obliged to turn sharp round, and to bring in a new Merchant Shipping Bill. There was no time for a Bill of a general character, but a

short temporary Bill was brought in enabling the Board of Trade to exercise dictatorial powers for a twelvemonth. The House would not accept it in the shape in which it was presented, but insisted that most of the special precautions on which Mr. Plimsoll relied should be adopted in it. Subsequently Mr. Disraeli amused himself by seeing whether he could not explain away even such a breakdown, and he invented a theory that somehow he and the public had worked together and finally carried, as he foresaw they would carry, exactly the right kind of Bill, thus achieving a triumph on which he had rightly calculated when he let the old Merchant Shipping Bill die away and selected the Agricultural Holdings Bill to live in its stead. The next best thing, perhaps, to a Prime Minister who manages well is a Prime Minister who, when he manages badly, amuses us by the way in which he explains that not only is his management excellent, but its excellence has something almost superhuman about it.

The Ministry, in the latter days of the Session, when it has had to do many questionable things in a very hurried way, has repeatedly tried to shift at least a large part of the blame on the Opposition. There has been nothing personal in these charges, for the Ministry is always conciliatory and inoffensive to persons, but it is wearied with having any Opposition at all. There seems little foundation for the complaint. Before the Session began, Lord Hartington was chosen to lead his party, and the result has shown the wisdom of the choice. Lord Hartington is not brilliant, but he works fairly well; he is not at all afraid of Mr. Disraeli; he always retires when Mr. Gladstone wishes to take the command; and he openly and resolutely supports the Government when he thinks it ought to be supported. During the Irish Peace Preservation debates he was more Ministerial than the Ministry itself. The Irish members protracted the debates on the one subject that belonged to them, and some of them have been somewhat troublesome in personal matters; but they have not interfered to stop the course of general business. The House accepted without discussion the Sanitary Laws Consolidation Bill, with its three hundred clauses, on the strength of the assurance given it by a member of the late Government that he had looked through the Bill, and that it was all right. Mr. Lowe helped Mr. Cross to remodel his Bill regarding workmen, and Mr. Cross to a large extent accepted his help. The whole House shaped the second Merchant Shipping Bill for itself. When Mr. Hardy proposed at too early a period of the Session to claim Tuesdays for the Government, Mr. Forster saved the Government from a probable defeat by proposing that the question should stand over until Mr. Disraeli had time to withdraw Mr. Hardy's proposal. When the Government was attacked for proposing that India should bear part of the expense of the visit of the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone stopped discussion by declaring that a Government with proper ideas of things could not propose anything else. If the National Debt Bill was attacked by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe, it was supported by Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Fawcett. No doubt there were amendments proposed to many of the Government Bills; but the Government in many instances accepted the amendments as improvements. One of the great causes of the loss of time has been that a habit has sprung up of one member of the Ministry resolutely and at great length defending a clause, and then another member of the Ministry getting up and withdrawing it. Sir Charles Adderley defended the clauses in the first Merchant Shipping Bill restraining the use of advance notes until Mr. Disraeli withdrew them; the Solicitor-General defended the application of the scheme of the Brighton Aquarium Bill to all cases where penalties are sued for by civil process, until Mr. Cross suddenly consented that only cases arising under Bishop Porteus's Act should be touched by the new Bill. In the discussions on the Judicature Bill it became evident that the Government itself had two ways of thinking on many points, and a member elicited general approval when he declared that he did not pretend to understand the subject, but that he thought the Government ought to defend its own Bill. Individual members of course have their fancies. Lord Robert Montagu made an elaborate defence of ratting, and Mr. Gladstone made a great fuss over the salaries of two or three Judges. But such things must happen in every Parliament, and sometimes a member speaking for himself rather than for the Opposition has come forward, if not directly to aid the Government, yet to assist conspicuously in producing the effect which the Government desired to see produced. Mr. Bright, for example, by his clear and effective exposition of arguments such as humble minds can easily embrace, greatly added to the wholesome result of the debate on Dr. Kenney's motion. Considering that the Government has brought in a great many small Bills on a great many subjects mostly of a minor order, it is perhaps surprising, not that it has encountered so much opposition, but that it has encountered so little. The time of the House has been taken up as much by Conservatives speaking for the pleasure of hearing themselves support the Ministry they love, as by critical Liberals. Amendments made by Liberals and accepted by some presiding Ministerial authority are not acts of opposition; they are contributions to legislation.

The Bills and motions of private members have not occupied greater prominence, or met with more success, or consumed more time, than usual. Of some that were threatened nothing more was heard. Mr. Russell Gurney on an early day announced that he had no intention of exciting an excitable House with a supplement to the Public Worship Act. Lord Elcho abandoned his ill-digested scheme for remodelling the government of London with as much precipitation as he had shown in taking it up. Nothing more was ever heard of the wonderful Bill bearing Mr. Bright's name on the

back of it for enabling amateurs to reclaim waste lands in Ireland. A Bill for the extension of Bishoprics and one for the restriction of Church Patronage occupied the attention of the Lords, but they never reached the stage of discussion in the Commons. The former measure, however, was incidentally the occasion of divisions in which the House showed a disposition to entertain it favourably. Some familiar Parliamentary dummies, such as the Permissive Bill, the Wife's Sister Bill, and the Women Voters Bill, received a speedy extinction, and so did a cognate proposal for opening the Scotch Universities to ladies who wish to become female students. The Burials Bill had a fate somewhat different, as it was rejected by an unexpectedly small majority, and gave occasion to Mr. Bright to make an effective and eloquent, if not strictly logical speech; just as a proposal to close all public-houses in Ireland gave Mr. Gladstone an opportunity of saying, some years after the date when to say it would have been useful, that what he meant by his famous dictum that Ireland should be governed in accordance with Irish ideas was that it should be so governed when Irish ideas did not conflict with Imperial interests. The Bill for protecting Public Monuments was accepted by a majority in the Commons; in the Lords a Bill for changing the nature of the qualification demanded in Justices of the Peace was altered and adopted by the Government; and an Address moved by Lord Stanhope praying that no more Irish peers might be created received a favourable answer. Mr. Holms in some degree foreshadowed the Budget by a motion which induced Sir Stafford Northcote to promise that he would redress the grievance which their licences inflicted on some brewers; and Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Sturt, in two of the best speeches of the Session, discussed with spirit and vivacity the question whether any alarm need be felt about the future prospects of English horses. Politics, strictly so called, have not afforded much material for the aspiring efforts of private members. Sir Charles Dilke so far succeeded in showing that there were anomalies in the working of the Ballot Act as to get the Government to promise that they would think whether they would not some day have a Select Committee on the subject. The Bill for extending household suffrage to counties was not supported by the leader of the Opposition, and was easily extinguished on the ground that no one was ready for it just now, and that, when taken up, it must involve the attempt to solve the difficult problems which a redistribution of seats would involve. Some of the more impatient spirits of the Opposition felt the strength of this objection. If any one would but tell them how seats were to be distributed, their path would be straight before them. But then there was no one who could or would tell them; and so in their desperation they came to the comical resolve to appeal to the Government, as a mere matter of Ministerial duty, to find out somebody or other who would pump thoughts on the subject into the heads of amiable Liberals.

The Government was deaf to this appeal, but ordinarily it is very fond of Select Committees. They keep people quiet, and seem to promise something, but seldom come to much. A Select Committee afforded a convenient means of saving Sir Stafford Northcote from having to form an opinion on Mr. Goschen's Bill for restraining Scotch Banks of issue from setting up business in England. A Select Committee has reported on the drafting of Acts of Parliament without being able to suggest any material improvements, and a Select Committee on election petitions has, with a lavish confidence in the judicial strength of the country, proposed that petitions shall in future be tried by two Judges. Much greater success attended the labours of a Committee appointed to inquire into the history of certain foreign loans. The Committee, with much patience and dexterity, traced out a complicated history of the frauds, the schemes, and the bold manœuvres by which innocent and ignorant investors were induced to send millions of money into the pockets of bankrupt little foreign States and of the adventurers who were allowed to use the names of these States as screens for their private cupidity. No other machinery could have elicited so many startling and conclusive facts, and the justification of the Committee is its success. But it must be very seldom that there can be such a justification, and the Committee, which scarcely affected to be preparing the path for future legislation, was really little more than a tribunal for the exposure of dangerous devices which a court of law can scarcely touch, or only touches very slowly, and in a way that attracts little attention. If to act as such a tribunal is one of the functions of a Committee of the House of Commons, it is a function that should be exercised very seldom and very cautiously.

Neither colonial nor foreign affairs have had sufficient interest to have formed this Session the subject of anything that can be called Parliamentary debates. The Indian Budget was as usual brought forward at the very end of all things, and the practice of putting it off till its production is a pure farce was gently regretted by the Under-Secretary, but defended by Mr. Grant Duff on the ground that, as no one at any period of the Session cares in the least degree for Indian discussions, it is wise to choose the time when fewest members are likely to be bored. Early in the Session Lord Granville commented in a tone of gentle disparagement on the precipitancy with which the Government of Marshal Serrano had been recognized, and Mr. Bourke subsequently explained the reasons which had prevented the Government from recognizing the Carlists as belligerents. Neither topic excited much attention, as in very small matters the Government must exercise its discretion; and if Lord Derby has liked to show that he has not much sympathy with those who are trying to make Spain a little more uncivilized than it already is, public

opinion is not likely to find fault with him. The Government displayed much good sense in discouraging such attempts as were made to give an exaggerated importance to the diplomatic controversy between Germany and Belgium, and judiciously cooled the ardour of those who were longing to be more Belgian than the Belgians, and to prove that Belgium, which made no complaints, had been attacked, humiliated, and overawed. The power of Roumania to make a commercial treaty without the sanction of the Porte is one of those disputable points on which there is enough obscurity to shelter the disputants in each taking the view congenial to their respective interests and aims; and Lord Derby may not have always been of the same mind about it. But it was not a matter on which a discussion in the House of Lords could be of much use, and Lord Derby rightly asked that much should not be made of a slight thing, and that diplomacy should be left to take its quiet course in the matter. Lord Derby equally dislikes making a fuss himself and having a fuss made by others. On one occasion alone he used somewhat strong language. He warned the English public that war had been nearer than was generally supposed, when in May last there was an apprehension among some great persons in Germany, which it is very difficult to believe to have been sincere, that France was arming for immediate war; and he also intimated that, although the danger of an immediate contest had been averted, the causes of this danger remained. What England could do to aid in the preservation of peace had been done, and done promptly and not ineffectually. But Lord Derby took credit for no more than had really been done, and discouraged the notion that England, in seconding the efforts of Russia, had by its spirited interference won a diplomatic triumph. Since he spoke the general situation has become more tranquil, and Mr. Disraeli last week had the satisfaction of being able to say that at the end of the Session England was peaceful and prosperous. For this happy state of things he and his colleagues may fairly take some credit to themselves; and if they have not been altogether up to the mark which it was hoped they might reach, and if in some small things they have laid themselves open to criticism, if not blame, yet in many great things, in administration, in the avoidance of quarrels, in general conciliation, they have won the kind of success on which they themselves are inclined to put the highest value.

DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC.

THE exigencies of society, which demand that when people are assembled together for the space of a few hours in the relation of host and guest they must keep up a show of being interested or amused, are mercifully supported by the existence of music. The English have not, as a rule, the gift of conversation which at a French party makes all extraneous or imported forms of amusement unnecessary; one will hardly ever find in an English drawing-room that kind of pleasant river of talk, filled by auxiliary streams that flow into it without disturbing its bright current, which is a feature of French society. The state of conversation at an English assembly for social purposes might rather be said to resemble a collection of stagnant pools, whose waters require some such violent means as the throwing of a stone to rouse their surface into a semblance of activity. And music is the stone which comes most readily to hand. It is curious that an art should be turned to a use entirely opposed to its original object; that, being designed to make people listen, it should be employed to make them talk; but undoubtedly music is constantly relied upon as an instrument for this effect, and generally with success. As the person chosen to break the spell of silence frequently suffers from shyness or nervousness, an optimist might imagine that the general chatter which immediately drowns his or her efforts was caused by kindness of heart, and was intended to save the suffering caused by the performer's consciousness of becoming an object of attention. But as the same result follows when the performer is neither nervous nor shy, and is worth hearing, it must be supposed that the people who burst into talk like machines set working by the keys of the piano are moved by the mere sympathy with noise which leads parrots to chatter and whistle under the same circumstances. When the person selected to awaken the slumbering faculties of a company in this way has a real love for the art in which he dabbles, the suffering endured by him must be intense, and it is attended by a host of minor torments. For instance, he may be asked to sing, and be unable to play his own accompaniment. A volunteer, generally a lady, is found who "will do her best, but really plays so badly unless she knows the music well." That she does know it well is seldom the case, but the singer, for fear of seeming ungracious or self-important, is obliged to accept the proffered service thankfully. It may be that the accompanist is afflicted with a nervousness equal to or greater than his own, and, perceiving that he is nervous, straightway assimilates his terror, and so gives back a fresh impulse of agitation to him. In this case, although the affair has some resemblance to the blind leading the blind, the two people most interested in it have at least the comfort of being fellow-sufferers, and may find consolation in comparing notes upon their feelings and joining in contempt for those who have no knowledge of their woes or appreciation of their efforts. But it may be that the accompanist is not nervous, but is filled with a sense of duty, admirable in itself but disastrous in its consequences, which leads her to play straight through the music

before her as though it were an exercise for the piano, without halting a moment in her career or otherwise taking note of the singer's existence. In this case there is no comfort or escape for him; his only resource is to accept the reversed order of things suggested, to subordinate himself to the needs of the moment, and accompany the piano instead of being accompanied by it. Or, again, although not nervous himself, he may become the cause of nervousness in others; the player who accompanies him may be forced into that position by knowing that she is the only person with any qualification for it, however small. She may play each note with a dread that the next will be wrong, which in course of time will overmaster her, turning her head into a phantasmagoria where notes shift with endless confusion, and her fingers into things of a woollen consistency without force or feeling. If the singer manages to maintain his presence of mind under these trying circumstances, he may, by a rapid dexterity, omit several bars and bring the song to a conclusion without the catastrophe of a breakdown. But in any case he will be overwhelmed with remorse for the suffering which he has caused to an innocent being who was happy before he became the means of throwing a gloom over her evening.

These are some of the misfortunes to which amateurs are liable. They may, however, find comfort for the want of understanding among their audiences in an incident which may be taken as typical. A professional singer who had retired into domestic life appeared as a private guest at a party, and sang a famous piece of Gluck's with a force and precision which only the best professional singers attain. She was listened to with a cold compassion and kind condescension by the larger portion of the society, amongst whom one who held himself to be a fine musical critic, observed, "Very kind of her, poor thing! But she cannot touch that music." Then came forward a singer of great renown, who had been unnoticed in the crowd, and pressing forward to the piano, enthusiastically seized the hands of the performer and exclaimed, "Do not tell me that you are an amateur. I recognize in you a great—*a sister artist.*"

For want of judgment, however, on the part of those who listen to music in drawing-rooms, considerable excuse may be found in the kind of music which they are often condemned to hear. Among the many rare gifts which seem to be nowadays considered common to the greater part of the world, that of musical excellence is not omitted. The same folly which induces misguided persons to imagine that they can string together a readable novel without any knowledge of character or grammar, and act a difficult part with no understanding of stage requirements, has led them to say with Bottom, "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones." For the many attempts at playing by those who have no touch, and at singing by those who have no ear, the system of education which teaches children a certain set of things without any reference to their individual capacity for them is in great measure responsible. But the worst specimens of musical incompetency which may be heard in drawing-rooms are due to the want of perception and the vanity of those who exhibit the specimens. There are many men and women who might sing or play agreeably if they would confine themselves to things within their powers; but vaulting ambition carries them pell-mell into the dangers of difficult music which can only be encountered successfully after years of study and practice, and makes of the struggles which, it is to be hoped, are more painful to their hearers than themselves, a terrible warning. When one has been present at one or two performances of this kind, one can understand the feelings of a professor of music who was gifted with a very tender conscience besides a great talent, and, being asked the reason of an unusual fit of gloom, replied, "Well, I am just thinking whether I ought to go on teaching these amateurs. They come and learn, but they understand nothing; and they mostly have voices like little cats."

No less terrible than the amateur who has no talent for music is he who has a good deal of talent and so much enthusiasm that his mind is incapable of taking thought for anything else. If, having some love for music yourself, you are unfortunate enough to encounter a fanatic of this description, and unsuspectingly reveal that you have some sympathy with his hard-ridden hobby, your doom is sealed. Having caught a congenial spirit, he will never, so long as he can avoid it, let go his grasp. He will discourse to you for hours upon the third manner of Beethoven and the dash exhibited by Verdi in his *terzetti*. His own life is written upon music-paper, his minutes are counted by crotchetts and quavers, and he is unable to perceive that yours can possibly have any other interests. He will stop you in the middle of a crowded room through which you are making your way with great difficulty and danger to a particular object, and ask if you have heard that lovely thing which has just come out, which he proceeds to imitate as well as he can under his breath, with an indication of the peculiarly fine effect of the drum in the twenty-ninth bar. If you speak of the Agricultural Holdings Bill, he is by a singular feat of memory reminded of the Pastoral Symphony, and launches at once into a discussion of its beauties, with practical illustrations. If you rashly quote a line of poetry, he begs you to listen to a little setting of his own of some of the poet's words. If, in despair, his victim attempts to make a diversion to any political question of the day, his talk glides with surprising swiftness from Bismarck to Wagner, the King of Bavaria, and the theatre at Bayreuth. His mission would seem to be to make the very name of the art which he adores odious to all who come under his influence. Fortunately it is possible to meet with musical enthusiasts who have some human feelings, such, for instance, as Mr. Trillo in Peacock's *Crotchet Castle*. Lady Clarinda Bosnowl, in that brilliant fiction, describ-

ing the company at dinner to Captain Fitzchrome, says:—"Hush! Here is music to soothe your troubled spirit. Next on this side sits the dilettante composer Mr. Trillo; they say his name was O'Trill, and he has taken the O from the beginning and put it at the end. I do not know how this may be. He plays well on the violoncello, and better on the piano; sings agreeably; has a talent at verse-making, and improvises a song with some felicity. He is very agreeable company in the evening with his instruments and music-books." People with such exceptional gifts as Mr. Trillo are, however, rare; were there more of them there would be less direct and indirect suffering caused by the cultivation, or rather want of cultivation, of music which seems to spread with increasing power. Reference to Peacock reminds one that in another of his books, *Headlong Hall*, there is a curious setting forth of the theory of music which has lately been put forward as something entirely novel. There Mr. MacLaurel concludes a dissertation upon music and poetry in these words:—"As gude music will be mair poorfu' by itsel' than wi' bad poetry, see will gude poetry than wi' bad music; but when ye put gude music an' gude poetry thegither, ye produce the loveliest compound o' sentimental harmony that can possibly find its way through the lug to the saul." This lovely compound of good music and good poetry has been heard in Wagner's opera this season, which is a good thing. Before next season it is likely that various selections from that opera will be heard in drawing-rooms, which may be not so good. Drawing-room music, as a rule, may be said to be on a par with drawing-room plays; that is, it is sometimes good, sometimes bad, and often indifferent.

DEVONSHIRE RIVERS.

FIFTY years ago Mr. F. C. Lewis published certain illustrations of the scenery on the Dart, the Tamar and Tavy, and the Exe, the truth and beauty of which have never yet been exceeded. Some of the views are in mezzotint, but the greater part are copper-plate etchings, rich in delicate and varied tones, full of sunshine and shadow, and full, above all, of the most loving and sympathetic feeling for the country in which the artist was at work. The broad distinction between the best photograph and the drawing of such an artist as Mr. Lewis is at once evident. Valuable as a photograph is as a memorial, full of suggestions as it is, and much as it can do, it can never get beyond a reflection of the actual scene; and it is for the landscape artist alone, with his sympathy and insight, to detect the heart of nature's mystery and to suggest that by his work. Mr. Lewis's plates are of various degrees of merit; for the best and most earnest student of nature will always have his less happy seasons; and as Hawthorne has somewhere remarked, he may now and then have to wait long before the mountain or the lake truly reveals itself to him. But those who are thoroughly acquainted with the lovely scenes through which he leads us, who have wandered by the rivers of Devonshire in all seasons and in all weathers, who know the wild hills and the wooded valleys in all their aspects, "spiritualized" by floating mists, or bright with spring sunshine—such persons cannot but recognize in the entire series a remarkable truth of nature, combined with real and unexaggerated feeling; a perception of the special characteristics of these West-country rivers. The Dart and the Teign and the Tamar have of course much in common with far-away streams that flow through country of the same wild character. In Wharfedale and among the ruined walls of Bolton, we may be reminded of Holme Chace and of Buckland. Rokeby and the Greta, again, may call up visions of Dartside, or of the gorge of the Teign. But Yorkshire is not Devonshire, and much alike as the scenes often are on the whole, there is nevertheless a positive difference between them—a difference in the expression they suggest and in the feelings they convey, which it is the part of a faithful and sympathetic artist to point out and to emphasize. This is altogether beyond the scope of a photograph.

Devonshire is in truth a land of waters. The "deep valleys" which perhaps gave the country its ancient name (for "Dannonia" is but a Latinization of the Celtic "Dyfnaint") have each its rushing stream, gathered at last into one of the main rivers some of which form the subjects of Mr. Lewis's illustrations. Among all these rivers there is the strongest family likeness. Most of them rise among the hills and moorasses of the granite; and as, in old Risdon's words, they "fleeth through the moors with a long, solitarie course," they see much the same scenery, are haunted by the same wild birds, and bordered by the same moor flowers. As they descend to the lower country, common influences are still at work. Hill mists and soft Western breezes, sometimes the same rock formation and outline, produce similar effects on all the streams, whether they flow southward, like the Tamar and the Dart, or rise on the opposite side of the watershed, like the Taw and the Ockment. And yet there are no two Devonshire rivers which are completely alike. Each, especially as it flows onward, "a broader and a broader stream," has a certain character of its own—partly, it may be, owing to a difference in the nature of the country, partly to a thousand causes, each minute enough it may be in itself, but not the less real because they are to be felt rather than distinctly analysed. Tamar differs widely from Dart. The Dart is widely parted, in its main features, from the Teign, although through much of their courses the rivers are only divided by a high, wide ridge of moorland. There is not, in short, one of

the main rivers, and not one of the lesser streams—often as beautiful as the rivers into which they flow, and far less known—which those who are really acquainted with them (and a day's wandering along their banks is not an acquaintance) do not know to be marked by features as distinct as those which separate a beech tree from an oak. The ferns and the wild flowers along the lower courses of the Tamar, the Tavy, and the Plym—the more western rivers—are often very different, in their masses and quantity, from those which brighten the Dart and the Teign. The royal fern, the “Herb Christopher” of Gerard, is hardly known on the Tamar. On the Dart, and in the rarely trodden woods which border some of its lesser tributaries, this fern makes a thick and stately undergrowth, hanging its broad fronds over the water, and dying away in autumn with all the vivid colouring of the sea-anemone. The wild hyacinth, the “blue bell” of the south, and the delicate wood anemone, are almost equally local. Along the Plym and the Tamar they spread in great “flocks” and “crowds”—as bright and as full of life as Wordsworth's daffodils. On the Dart and further north they are comparatively rare. The foxglove alone is common in its vast ranks and regiments to all the rivers, though that too seems to be more numerous and to attain greater size as it passes further west. But it is, of all others, the plant which, in its season, gives most colouring to the hill-sides, and contrasts most strikingly with the leathern rock, and the soft, green river sward. The same belief is attached to it in Devonshire as, according to Crofton Croker, is common in the south of Ireland. It is the “great herb” of the pixies, as it is there of the good neighbours; and it recognizes the presence of the small people by bending its stately wand as they sweep by in the air, unseen by the men of “middle earth.”

The rivers of Devonshire are so beautiful, and the scenery which marks their courses is in itself so attractive, that the wanderer beside them is apt to rest content with their natural charms, and to forget the historical interest which is attached to so many of them. They were, of course, the true inlets of the country. If Phoenician and Greek merchants did not find their way to the mouths of the Plym and of the Exe—and this is at least doubtful—the rivers were the highways down which the treasures of the inland country were brought to the sea. At Plymouth and elsewhere, “finds” of bronze weapons and ornaments have shown that certain spots were the gathering places of traders long before Roman legions made their appearance in the West. Later on, the West-Saxons (here we may talk of Saxons rather than English), and the Northmen after them, made themselves well acquainted with every creek and every winding, and the Benedictine houses of Tavistock on the Tavy, and of Buckfast on the Dart, the two earliest monastic settlements in Devonshire, experienced the disadvantages of what an old Danish proverb calls one of the “three bad neighbours”—a main river way. (The others are a great road and a great castle.) The Northmen plundered and burnt both houses. Both of course recovered, and rose to far greater importance than before. Each became one of the distinguishing features of its own river, and each found, in after years, that a “trouful” stream, although it might serve as a guide to unwelcome visitors, was no bad adjunct to the comforts and arrangements of a great monastery. Tavistock is the chief place on the Tavy. The river, above and below the town, is full of such quiet and picturesque beauty as might well delight the “brother Pacificus” of his house; and where it opens toward Hamoaze, at its junction with the Tamar, the broad stream, especially when the sun is setting behind Mount Edgecombe, affords such a prospect—so rich in colour, and in the varied outline of its banks—as will not speedily be forgotten. Tamar and Tavy have had their own historian, and the chief “memorables” along the course of their streams have been duly collected by Mrs. Bray. The old border river of Saxons and Britons is a more important, though hardly a more picturesque, stream than the Tavy. High above it, and conspicuous from every point where the long course of the river is seen, winding and gleaming between its hills of hanging wood, rises Hingston Down—the Hengestesdune of the *Chronicles*, the scene of the great fight of 835, when the Danes, coming to West Wales with “mycel ships,” united with the Britons, and Egbert, who “fared against them with his army,” overthrew both Danes and Wealas on this high ground. The slope of the down toward the Tamar is dotted with barrows of an earlier time, and belonging perhaps to an earlier race, than even the “Wealas.” The river marks the line of a very ancient colonization; and the many Tamerton whose church towers are reflected in its stream may indicate some of the earliest settlements of the Saxon conquerors. They are all on the left of English bank. On the right bank, above a steep, jagged ridge of rock, towers the circular Keep of Launceston—the stronghold from which, in its earlier form, the British rulers must have kept a sharp watch on the progress of their unwelcome neighbours.

It does not appear that the Dart was at any time a boundary stream. But of all Devonshire rivers it is that to which most old tradition has attached, and which seems to have been regarded with most reverence by all the earlier inhabitants—Britons and Saxons alike. Traces of primitive heathendom, of river worship and of the Kelpie, still linger about it. The famous story of Brutus of Troy was localized on its banks, and the castle mound of Totness was raised, according to local records, by that mythical worthy. From the stone on which Brutus is said to have landed (a mass of natural rock projecting in the midst of the steep street) royal proclamations were always read, and, smile as we may at the legend, it is impossible not to look with some interest on the scene of it. At any rate, it says much for the antiquity and the former

importance of Totness, or rather of the harbour which opens from this point, where the Dart begins to be navigable. The river itself is so varied and so beautiful throughout its course—in the high moorland, in the wooded ravines and passes of Holne, and in its land-locked, lake-like reaches below Totness—that it needs but little such enhancement of its charms as may be gained by the association of legend. There is not the smallest necessity for talking of it as the “English Rhine.” The Dart can very well afford to rest on its own reputation and its own beauty, and the sole point at which it can be said really to resemble the foreign river is at its mouth, where the castles of Kingswear and Dartmouth rise on either side, and suggest something of defence and protection, though not, happily, against “robber knights.”

The Exe, chief Devonshire river as it is, rises out of the county (although the wild Exmoor forest forms a part of the true geographical division), and differs more widely from the rest of its brethren than they do among themselves. It is one of the most rapid of them all, but for the greater part of its course it is one of the most tranquil—a broad, full, quietly flowing stream, unbroken by such rock boulders and ridges as often force the Dart and the Teign into a succession of waterfalls. The Exe is crowned by the venerable capital of the West—the city which almost alone in England can boast of an uninterrupted descent and occupation from the first centuries of our era to the present time. “Exanceastre” was at no time left altogether desolate, and the vast earthworks on the Red Mount have known an unbroken line of defenders. There is no such river view in the West as that which is to be traced from the towers of Exeter Cathedral—the slowly widening estuary reaching from the city to Exmouth. Here, and for some distance above Exeter, the Exe has its special character, and “teetheth,” in the words of an old writer, “like the waters of Shiloah, with a still current.” It is in the early part of its course that it is more truly a moorland stream, though even then it is never so lively or so full of music as its Dartmoor brethren. And in real beauty, in the depth and extent of the natural greenwood which borders it, it is exceeded by one of its chief tributaries—the Water of Barle. The old bridge called “Tor Steps” on this stream is set in one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. Woods of great age are reflected in the brown, peat-stained water, and the “steps,” a series of huge stone blocks, are rude enough for the days of stone circles and of cromlechs.

But whether it be Dart or Exe, or any one of the smaller streams, like the Lyd, with its deep, almost awful, gorge, and its gliding, sparkling waterfall, or the Walkham, with its pools loved of the angler, there can be no more delightful pilgrimage than the following of a Devonshire river from its source to its mouth. The few but most effective touches by which Mr. Lewis shows us the wild, desolate heart of the moorland where the Dart and the Tavy steal from their fountains, are alone sufficient to make the heart of the eager pedestrian burn within him. And as he traces the stream onward, in picture after picture, he will recognize, such is the fond care with which the characteristic details are dwelt on, the very lights and shadows, the sights and the sounds, which, as he knows so well, make the true life of his favourite haunts. The plants that mat themselves together on the brink of the water—marsh violet, pimpernel, ivy-leaved campanula—the very scent that rises from the short, close turf, the light that flits across the stream, the song of the water-ouzel that rises and falls on the breeze—all come back in these charming drawings, and all combine to send forth the pilgrim staff in hand to rejoice once again in their healing virtues. Then come grey “moor stone” bridges, with their angles and their pointed arches, tufted with ferns and spotted with lichens, structures for the most part of the fifteenth century, and far too picturesque to be hastily left; great wildernesses of bog myrtle and of fern; mountain ashes with their scarlet berries, and hollies in clusters; until the valley sinks deeper, and the hills as they close over it become clothed from foot to crest, at first with oaken copice, and then with old and “patrician” wood. This is the point at which all these Devonshire rivers become most striking. The Lover's Leap in Holne Chace is of this class, and—with a wider and more open view, marking the difference between the Dart and the Tamar—the far-famed scene from the terrace at Endsleigh. But we cannot journey quite onward to the sea, like the river voyager in *Thalaba*. We would only suggest that many a tributary streamlet that dashes along between its own quiet hills to join the wider river is often as well worth tracing to its source as the latter—sometimes even more so. And here there may be all the charm of discovery. The recesses of the hills are little known, and an adventurous wanderer may almost hope to come upon a company of the small people in the midst of their gambols. At any rate, he will be undergoing the proper training for a poet.

The Muse—me poet ever fand her
Till by himself he learned to wander
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And think na lang.

DISCOVERY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WE lately heard a story of a child being taken into Westminster Abbey for the first time, and remarking “What a large church! Has it all been discovered?” We will not attempt to analyse the exact train of ideas which may have passed through the mind of the child before they found expression in the word “discovered.” Perhaps the child thought that the abbey had been dug out of the ground, like Nineveh or Pompeii. Or perhaps

the fact that the child, on going into the abbey, knew that it was a church may point to another interpretation. One would think that the child must have been observant beyond children in general to find out that Westminster Abbey, in its present state, was a church at all. It is not to every mind that the idea would present itself among the busts, and the heathen gods, and the naked Indians, especially if the child was taken in, as is most likely, by one of the transepts, by that Poets' Corner which is happily not to receive another idol in the form of Byron. From any point of view, and whatever sense we may put upon the word "discovered," there is still room for a good deal of discovery within the abbey and its precincts. For instance, when we look at the book which calls itself *Memorials of Westminster*, can we venture to say that the abbey has been fully discovered by its own Dean? It would seem that, up to the time when that book was written, no part of the abbey had been fully discovered by the person most interested in it except the modern tombs. The real Memorials of Westminster Abbey have yet to be written, and, when any scholar undertakes the task thoroughly, he will find that he has a good deal of discovery to go through. Then again, there was one moment in the history of the abbey when it really was discovered; that short time, thirteen or fourteen years ago, when the whole building could be studied without let or hindrance, when the spirit of discovery had extended itself to the very vergers, and when the man who had told so many strangers bent on discovery to "keep with the party" stood up in the apse to ask a stranger what the apse was. But the spirit of discovery was soon after found to be dangerous, for further researches were presently forbidden, and the special home of the English nation was doomed again to become an undiscovered land. Nor, again, can we say that some discovery both at Westminster and at some other abbeys is not needed, when we come across the odd reflections which were in the *Times* a few days ago. It would seem that the foundation of a Bishop's see at St. Albans, and the repair of the church of St. Albans, are no longer looked on in that quarter with the same disfavour as they were a few months back. We know not the reason of the change, but the opportunity was taken to make some reflections about abbeys in general, and that of Westminster alongside of St. Albans in particular. Some abbeys, we are told, "like Reading and Glastonbury, plundered of everything that was worth carrying off, have mouldered away in silence and desertion." It is perhaps unkind to criticize the grand style too minutely, but "moulder away" is exactly the thing which Glastonbury has not done. Here time has done nothing; nothing has mouldered; where the stones have not been wantonly knocked away, they are as good as when they were fresh cut. But it is creditable to the *Times* to know that all monasteries did not undergo the same fate, that, while some were ruined, "others, like Gloucester and Peterborough, have remained as the cathedral churches of episcopal sees, adequately supported by some portion of the wealth of their dispossessed owners." As to the adequate support however, the British Solomon was of another way of thinking, when he gave Dr. Field the Deanery of Gloucester, and told him he was giving him a nut without a kernel. But the wonderful sentence is that which follows:—

Neither lot awaited the great Metropolitan Abbeys of Westminster and St. Albans when their ancient rivalry was finally extinguished in the extinction of monkish institutions, and both have survived, though in a different manner. Westminster, the seat of our national ceremonials, once the burial-place of our Monarchs, and now of those whose memory the nation rates more highly than that of most Monarchs, has been appropriately, though somewhat anomalously, endowed.

One's breath is taken away by the phrase "Metropolitan Abbeys." There was a Metropolitan Abbey once; at least the name might not have been unfittingly given to the monastery of Iona—to give the place its best known name—when its abbot held jurisdiction over bishops. But if such jurisdiction ever belonged to Westminster or St. Albans, we must withdraw all we have said about lack of discovery; a fact in ecclesiastical history has been discovered which was kept hid from the eyes of all inquirers until a few days ago. If this is the meaning of "Metropolitan Abbeys," it was really unkind not to put the discovery more distinctly on record, for no one can be expected to guess at it for himself. The common newspaper meaning of "metropolitan" is "of or pertaining to London." It is in this sense that we have so often heard the churches of London and Westminster spoken of as "our two metropolitan cathedrals," and their Deans as "the two metropolitan Deans." It is doubtless in this sense that the *Times* directly after talks about "Metropolitan Dioceses" and "Metropolitan Bishops," as it is clearly not Canterbury and York which are meant. We dare say that, in this sense, Westminster has been called a "Metropolitan Abbey" over and over again. But how does this apply to St. Albans? The word "metropolitan" in this sense is very vague, and so is the word "metropolis"; indeed this use of the word has come in simply because it was vague. People began to talk of "metropolis" and "metropolitan" because some word was really needed to express large districts which were practically part of London, but which were not London in any legal or formal sense. Now of course people use it, like any other long word, simply because it is thought to sound fine. Still we can hardly conceive that, in any sense of the words "metropolis" and "metropolitan," they can be stretched so far as to take in St. Albans. If the borough of St. Albans had managed to keep its members, would anybody call it a metropolitan borough? It is hardly possible that the *Times* should have made any confusion between St. Albans Abbey and St. Albans, Holborn; both have been famous lately, and St. Albans, Holborn, is metropolitan enough in one sense of the word.

But it surely cannot be that even one who writes in the *Times* about abbeys can have been led to jumble things together in this way. And presently we read, with feelings of no less amazement than any which the former sentences have called forth, that the reason why St. Albans Abbey is still standing is that it was "given as a present to one of the smallest and poorest country parishes in England." A man must himself be very metropolitan, in the sense of having his thoughts and notions very much pent up within London and the coasts thereof, if he looks on the town of St. Albans as a country parish. And he must know very little indeed of country parishes, if he fancies that the abbey parish of St. Albans, with its population of 3,671—only a part, of course, of the whole population of the town—is one of the smallest of country parishes. Still every man may have his own standard of things; only it is hardly fair that he should have two opposite standards. We had always thought that the "country" and the "metropolis" were opposed to one another. So, if the parish of St. Albans is one of the smallest of country parishes, we cannot understand how its church can be a Metropolitan Abbey, in the sense of an abbey in London. We are thus fairly puzzled. We are somewhat in the same state of mind as the child with whose story we began. Westminster is a very large church, and St. Albans is, in some of its dimensions, larger still. But we cannot say of either of them that it has "all been discovered," till we have discovered in what sense either of them can be called a Metropolitan Abbey, and still more in what sense both of them can be called so at once.

But our difficulties are still not at an end. Even if we knew in what sense Westminster is a Metropolitan Abbey, we still cannot think that it has all been discovered, till we have got to the meaning of the words in which Westminster is further described by the *Times*. "Westminster is the seat of our national ceremonials." It is undoubtedly the place of the greatest of all national ceremonials—namely, the consecration of kings—but it is going a little too far to imply that every national ceremonial goes on in the abbey. Have we here a trace of the same state of mind in which the Dean and Chapter of Westminster were some years back when they made it a matter of argument in a police-court—it was not, we think, before any higher tribunal—that the coronation banquet, as well as the coronation itself, took place in St. Peter's church? But here again we must allow something for the grand style; to talk vaguely of our "national ceremonials" doubtless sounds finer than to talk definitely of any particular ceremonial, even though it be the crowning or burial of a king. But, letting this pass, we are far from having discovered all, till we know what is meant by the church of Westminster being "appropriately, though somewhat anomalously, endowed." Mark the distinctions of the three classes of abbeys, Westminster being seemingly a class by itself. Reading and Glastonbury were left to "moulder"; Gloucester and Peterborough were "adequately supported" as cathedral churches. Neither fate befell Westminster, but, instead of either mouldering or being adequately supported, it was appropriately, if somewhat anomalously, endowed. We had always fancied that the same fate which befell Gloucester and Peterborough did also befall Westminster, and that Westminster became, though only for a season, the cathedral church of an episcopal see, no less than Gloucester or Peterborough. The *Times* says that this did not happen, but that, instead of this, it was appropriately, though somewhat anomalously, endowed. How appropriately? How anomalously? Where is the special propriety, where is the special anomaly, of the endowments of the church of Westminster? And if they are so specially appropriate, how are they at the same time anomalous? What would "appropriate" and "anomalous" mean if they were done into plain English? We can only venture to guess that the anomaly in the eyes of the *Times* consists in the fact that, since the days of Elizabeth, Westminster has been a collegiate church. A Dean without a Bishop may, to people who talk about metropolitan abbeys, seem something anomalous. But that has nothing to do with the appropriateness or anomaly of its endowments. The endowment which is at once appropriate and anomalous is almost as great a puzzle as the small country parish which has a metropolitan abbey for its parish church.

All then has not yet been discovered about either the church of Westminster or its fellow. The key to such contradictions as these is not to be found out in a day. The discourse of the *Times* on Metropolitan Abbeys did not appear till a full week after the report of certain speeches at St. Albans on which it professed to be a comment. Let no one blame us if, with our rarer opportunities of speaking our mind, we were driven to give longer time for reflection over the comments of the *Times* on the speech of Sir Gilbert Scott than the *Times* had given to reflection on the speech itself. Such a discovery as that of one metropolitan abbey in a poor country parish, and that of another whose endowment is at once appropriate and anomalous, may well be more than a nine days' wonder.

FLOODING THE SAHARA.

THE "long parlour" at the Mansion House serves almost as many and various purposes as the public room of a county town, and it begins to be almost a necessary qualification for the office of Lord Mayor to be able to get up any subject sufficiently to make a short speech upon it. A meeting was lately held in support of what is truly called a remarkable scheme for opening North-West Central Africa to commerce and civilization. It had

been suggested to the Lord Mayor, seeing that the slave trade had to some extent been stopped by the Zanzibar Treaty, and that, if conducted at all, its headquarters were more towards Timbuctoo, that it was very important to reach that district with greater facility than at present. It was proposed, with that object, to let the waves of the Atlantic into the great Desert of Sahara by removing a small barrier of sand which separates the low-lying lands of the Desert from the sea near Cape Juby. The Lord Mayor had been told, on eminent engineering authority, that this scheme was by no means impracticable or difficult, and the object of the meeting over which he presided was to lay it before the public with a view to a preliminary survey being made. The distance from the coast to Timbuctoo across the Desert is eight hundred miles, and in the event of the sand barrier, five or six miles in extent, being removed, there would be uninterrupted access to the heart of Africa, and the commerce of Europe and America would be largely developed, besides effecting what, said the Lord Mayor, was more important, the abolition of the slave trade, and opening a way to the introduction of Christianity among the African tribes. It is a comfort to find that whatever Europeans do in Africa is always for the good of the natives. The slave trade was established for the advancement of Christianity, and now Christianity is to be promoted by its abolition. It is a pleasing theory that the development of commerce goes hand in hand with the moral and physical improvement of savage races, and we may at least be sure that, if these races are improved off their native soil, they can no longer be subject to the slave trade. Until the preliminary survey has been made it is difficult to discuss the Lord Mayor's proposal; but we will assume for the moment that the sandy isthmus can be cut through and the sea admitted to flow over a tract extending eight hundred miles in length and of considerable breadth. The people, if there are any, dwelling on land liable to be flooded would be warned, and, we suppose, compensated; unless their losses are to be considered as recouped by the consciousness of contributing to the abolition of the slave trade and the introduction of Christianity. The Lord Mayor, at any rate, sees clearly that the people of Africa will be largely benefited, and that the interests of humanity, religion, and commerce will be all advanced by our gaining easier access to the centre of Africa. Another speaker mentioned that, under existing difficulties, three millions worth of British produce find their way annually to the kingdom of Soudan, which has twenty millions of inhabitants. Caravans now perform tedious and dangerous journeys of many months' duration; two thousand miles of rugged and sterile country have to be traversed, a deadly climate and hostile tribes have to be encountered, but still our goods reach their market. If only we could feel as sure on the humanitarian and religious aspects of the case as this speaker makes us sure on the commercial aspect it would be well. The importance of opening those regions to commerce is unquestionable, and he thinks that Timbuctoo forms the most suitable spot for this intercourse, placed, as it is, on the edge of the Desert. He says that the engineering difficulties are inconsiderable. A great tract of the Desert with an area of 126,000 square miles, known as Eljuf, is "a vast depression considerably below the level of the Atlantic." That depression is impregnated with salt, and is believed to have heretofore formed part of the bed of the sea. If once the mouth of the river Belta could be cleared of sand, the waters of the Atlantic would fill their former bed, and thus direct communication would be established with North Central Africa within easy distance of our ports, and this existing trade of three millions annually might be increased ten-fold. "The great continent of Africa would be opened to every wholesome influence," including, of course, measles and small-pox; "its vast resources would be developed, and the horrors of the slave trade would no longer stain its history." We may add that return tickets would be granted for trips by steamer to Timbuctoo, and hotels would be established there, and it might speedily become a winter resort for invalids. Among the numerous objects for which subscriptions are received at the Mansion House, the preliminary survey of this new route to Timbuctoo is now included. A deputation of the promoters lately visited the Colonial Secretary, although we cannot see what he can have had to do with it, unless it be to take care that another British colony shall not under any pretext be established. There must be some potentate claiming authority over the sandy tract intended to be submerged, and, as it might be polite to ask his name, and perhaps desirable to give notice to his subjects, some intervention by the Foreign Secretary may possibly be hereafter necessary.

A deputation went, however, as we have said, to Lord Carnarvon; but their plan, when produced before him, looked less definite than it had done at the Mansion House. One speaker said that, if they could not go by sea they could go by land, and the important point was to get to Timbuctoo. Another speaker said that the canal was the essence of the scheme, but, if the survey showed that it was impracticable, then they could make a road. It is a pity that they do not propose a railway at once. The Sultan of Soudan should appoint an agent in London and proceed to borrow money for "opening up" his dominions. The Cape Juby and Timbuctoo Railway might be built, like many other commercial enterprises, upon sand. There are already several caravan routes to and from Timbuctoo across the Desert, and although the new route might be shorter in distance, it would not necessarily be more convenient. Timbuctoo stands, as we have said, on the southern edge of the Desert, and near the bend of the river Niger. Starting from Timbuctoo in a direction slightly to the west of north, the traveller arrives in one hundred

and fifty miles at El Arawan, a town of about three thousand inhabitants. After leaving this town no inhabited place is met with until the southern declivities of the Atlas range are reached. The road then passes through the countries of El Harib, El Drah, and Taflet, and then over the mountains to Fez. The general direction of this road is nearly north, and another road branching from it, and going more to the west, leads to Mogador. The proposed road from Timbuctoo to Cape Juby would bear still more to the west, and would reach the sea sooner, but whether it would find a port there appears doubtful. It is part of the present plan to establish a commercial and missionary station near Cape Juby, at the mouth of the river Belta, and if the British public like to subscribe their money, the station may be built, and the port opened, and trade with Timbuctoo commenced. The inhabitants of that desolate region are probably too few to threaten serious interruption, but of course they will plunder our traders if they can, and complications may arise requiring an armed force at the new station or along the route. Sir Samuel Baker or some kindred spirit would no doubt be ready to take command of such a force, and would slay the natives on the highest principles if they attempted to harass or plunder the civilizing convoys. The western part of the Sahara contains rock-salt in great abundance. The town of El Arawan sends the produce of the salt mines of Toudeny to the countries on the Niger, and receives their produce in return. This town and these mines must be on the verge of that part of the Desert which it is proposed to flood, and we can only hope that they are well above it. Vegetation generally seeks the lowest spots in the Desert, and where there is vegetation, there, if anywhere, there are inhabitants. It would be unsatisfactory if any considerable number of persons should be washed out of their homes or drowned in the interest of civilization and Christianity. It is all a question of levels, and the confidence expressed as to levels at the Mansion House seems to have collapsed before Lord Carnarvon. It is true that the most westerly part of the Desert, called Sahel, is the worst part. Yet an account written more than thirty years ago states that the number of persons who find subsistence in this part of the Sahara is far from small, and they subsist on the produce of their herds. It is true, says this account, that the great commercial road which traverses the Desert between El Drah in Morocco and Timbuctoo runs through a country which is incapable of affording subsistence to a single family. It is, however, stated, and with some probability, that the caravan road has been purposely formed through the worst part of the Desert, the merchants being less afraid of the dangers of the country than of those which they would encounter among warlike and predatory tribes. It is at least certain that the country along the coast is far from destitute of inhabitants. It would also appear that at no great distance from the sea the country contains extensive pasture-grounds, though of inferior quality, and frequently interrupted by tracts which are completely sterile. Further inland, desert tracts entirely destitute of vegetation and inhabitants occupy a much greater portion of the country, but it is perfectly sterile and uninhabited only along the caravan road leading from El Drah to Timbuctoo.

If this general description of the country lying between this caravan road and the ocean is at all nearly accurate, it seems to follow that the new flood must be abandoned. Lord Carnarvon assured the deputation of his good wishes, and advised them to procure more accurate and extensive information. We can only say ditto to Lord Carnarvon. As a means of raising money the deputation can hardly be called successful. A new route for caravans would compete with routes which have been followed for centuries, and would divide trade more certainly than increase it. It cannot, however, be doubted that the trade of Timbuctoo is capable of extension, and perhaps the Sultan of Soudan may be induced to visit England and be supplied with tracts and Bibles and receive deputations on the subject of the slave trade. The "New Flood Company, Limited" ought at least to be able to float itself, and, being both commercial and missionary, it ought to attain success either in this world or in the next. Only we hope that the sea will not drown the salt mines.

CARDINAL MANNING AND LORD ORANMORE.

A VERY amusing illustration has lately been exhibited of "the genesis of a myth," if indeed such dignified phraseology may be applied to so small a matter. Our readers may be aware that a rumour has been flying about in society during the last few weeks of the honourable reception accorded to Cardinal Manning by Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales at His Royal Highness's recent garden party at Chiswick. It was said that the Prince shook hands cordially with his Eminence on his arrival, and conducted him to the Queen, who remained in conversation with him for about twenty minutes. To most sensible persons it would probably appear a point of indifference in itself, and a very impertinent question to discuss in public, how long Her Majesty chose to converse with the Cardinal, and whether the Prince shook hands with him. There could be little doubt that the Prince, who is never deficient in courtesy, would shake hands with a distinguished guest if he happened to meet him. As a matter of fact it turns out that he did not see the Cardinal at Chiswick, and therefore did not shake hands with him. But we are anticipating. There are minds so peculiarly constituted that the fate of empires, dynasties, and Churches appears to them to turn on some petty detail of preceden^{ce}.

or etiquette, and there are nerves so abnormally sensitive as to be entirely unhinged at the first faint glimmer of the Apocalyptic scarlet which Princes of the Roman Church wear in common with soldiers of the British army. Lord Oranmore is one of the unfortunate possessors of this highly nervous organization, and hence the amusing scene enacted the other day in the House of Lords, and the still more amusing explanations and recriminations which have since appeared in the newspapers. When his lordship rose in his place in the House to ask the President of the Council a question which he had previously placed on the Notice Paper about what purported to be an extract from the *Weekly Register* of July 17, he was evidently impressed with a profound conviction that not only the character of the present Government, but the position of the Queen herself, and the future destiny of the British Empire, threatened by a "veiled treason," were staked on the issue of his inquiry. This is no exaggeration of the solemn tone of his speech and his subsequent letter to the *Times*; the alleged grievance, about which "every loyal subject" was represented as anxiously awaiting some satisfactory explanation from an authoritative source, is set forth in the following statement, cited by Lord Oranmore from the *Weekly Register*, which he was careful to add is a paper of considerable authority among Roman Catholics and enjoys the special blessing of the Pope:—

COURT, FASHIONABLE, AND HOME NEWS.

The Queen and the Cardinal. Reception of his Eminence at the Prince of Wales's garden party. The question of Cardinal Manning's precedence was indirectly settled at the Prince of Wales's garden party last week, when Her Majesty the Queen was present. The Prince of Wales advanced to meet the Cardinal on his arrival, cordially shook hands with him, and then presented his Eminence to his Royal Mother, who received him most graciously and conversed with him for a while. His Eminence remained within the Royal circle for some time—a privilege accorded only to those of the highest rank.

Here then is the *corpus delicti*. The Prince of Wales is reported to have cordially received Cardinal Manning and presented him to the Queen, "who received him most graciously," and allowed him to remain "for some time within the Royal circle." Whether indeed there was not a grievance in the fact of Cardinal Manning being invited to the garden party at all is a previous question on which Lord Oranmore did not apparently think it discreet to enter, though there can be little doubt of his real feeling on the subject. But there he drew the line. If there is a time to keep silence there is also a time to speak, and when it was "suggested to him" that there was a certain impropriety and disrespect to the Queen in making her conduct at a social gathering the subject of public inquiry, he felt it impossible as a good subject to acquiesce in so superficial a view of his duty. Her Majesty is the sole fountain of honour in this country, and Cardinal Manning has accepted a foreign title without her permission; if she gives any sanction to such an unconstitutional procedure, and especially in this indirect manner, "it might be supposed that she had some sympathy with the views held by Dr. Manning, but, thank God! her whole life showed that her principles were in unison with the Act of Settlement and with the principles on which her throne was based." That a Sovereign's principles should be in harmony with those on which her throne is based is natural enough, but we must confess it is the first time we ever heard of the Act of Settlement, however valuable it may be for political purposes, as a standard of theological truth, which appears to be Lord Oranmore's meaning. To be sure, applicants for curacies do sometimes advertise that "their principles are in accordance with the *Record*" or "the *Rock*," which sounds a little odd, but still the *Record* and the *Rock* are organs of a tolerably cognizable form of theological sentiment. Perhaps the time may come, at all events in Ireland, when we shall see clergymen advertising for curacies or livings whose "principles are in accordance with Lord Oranmore and the Act of Settlement." It would be at least a sufficient guarantee, if his lordship rightly interprets that Act, that they are not disposed to stand any tampering with Romanism. Yet, after all, it is not quite clear on what precise ground Lord Oranmore objects to Cardinal Manning being received by the Queen. It seemed at first to be simply because he is a Cardinal, and an Englishman has no business to be a Cardinal, while, as plain Dr. Manning, he would have no claim to any special distinction. But there is something more than this. The late Dr. Murray, though he was not a Cardinal, was a Roman Catholic Archbishop and the titular occupant of a see filled by a duly appointed prelate of what was then the Established Church of Ireland, deriving his dignity from the true fountain of honour and not from the Pope. Yet Lord Oranmore thinks it was quite proper that Archbishop Murray should be honourably distinguished by Her Majesty, as in fact he was, when she visited Ireland during his lifetime; "his views were not those held by the two Cardinals now within the United Kingdom." There are, therefore, Cardinals and Cardinals, and it may be very suitable for the Queen to "converse for awhile within the Royal circle" with a Cardinal who does not share Dr. Manning's aspirations about "conquering heresy." This view, it must be allowed, does very seriously complicate Her Majesty's responsibilities in the matter. She is neither to receive all Roman dignitaries who wish to pay their respects to her, nor to reject all of them, nor to please herself in the selection; but is bound to exercise a kind of Papal infallibility, and regulate her favours according to the approximate orthodoxy—which at best can only, we fear, be a very imperfect one—of those who seek to approach her presence.

It is not wonderful that the Duke of Richmond should have begun his reply to Lord Oranmore by a protest against the impropriety of asking questions in Parliament about the private

entertainments of members of the Royal Family. But impropriety was merged in absurdity when it was shown that Lord Oranmore's alarm was as groundless as it was irrational. The paragraph quoted from the *Weekly Register* proved to be a mere tissue of mistakes. The Prince of Wales had no opportunity of seeing the Cardinal at the garden party, and therefore of course did not shake hands with him, either "cordially" or otherwise, or present him to the Queen. And, as "those of your lordships who have the honour and privilege of being invited to the garden parties at Chiswick must be aware"—but as Lord Oranmore was not aware—"there is no such thing there as a Royal circle." It was impossible, therefore, for Cardinal Manning to remain either for a long or a short time within it. Whether indeed Her Majesty did really speak to his Eminence at all was not explained, and Lord Oranmore did not venture to ask any further questions. A more complete break-down of a foolish story it might have seemed difficult to imagine. Yet Lord Oranmore's blunders turn out to be greater even than the Duke of Richmond was aware of. Not only was the paragraph he quoted from the *Weekly Register* full of mistakes, but it was not a statement of the *Weekly Register* at all in any other sense than that in which it became his own statement when he had quoted it. And so the high Roman Catholic authority and special Papal benediction under whose shelter the account of Cardinal Manning's informal recognition was supposed to have been introduced to the notice of the British public, collapsed as completely as the story itself. The editor of the *Register* writes to the *Times* to complain, not without reason, that in the paragraph read by Lord Oranmore to the House of Lords, and which we have reprinted above, the critical words, "says the *Church Herald of Wednesday*," were omitted; so that the story, however fabulous or foolish, which so greatly disturbed his lordship's peace of mind, came "not from a Catholic but a Protestant source." In short, the *Register* had simply extracted a paragraph from an Anglican newspaper without making itself in any way responsible for the accuracy of the contents. But the most curious part of the affair remains still to be narrated. Lord Oranmore, not content with this double exposure, first of his facts, and then of the authority on which he had based them, returns to the charge in a letter to the *Times*, the ingenuous simplicity of which proves alike his good faith and his hopeless incapacity to understand the point of an argument. The editor of the *Register* had complained of the *suppressio veri* which credited him with words he had only professed to cite from another source. Lord Oranmore replies that the extract was sent him in writing, and that, being 500 miles away from London, he had no opportunity of reading the *Weekly Register*. Why the Post Office should be unequal to the task of carrying a newspaper 500 miles, or why, if there was no time for this, he did not take the trouble to obtain a copy on his return to town of the journal on which he intended to comment in the House of Lords, he does not explain. The fact no doubt was that, like the Irishman who "had his own consent" to a proposed agreement, Lord Oranmore considered that the paragraph and the authorship of the paragraph proved itself. Nor does he seem quite convinced to the contrary yet. Of one thing he is very sure, that the rumour is due to no "Protestant source." On this point it is only fair both to him and to our readers to allow him to state his argument for himself:—

The editor says this rumour is referable not to a Catholic but a Protestant source. How far this is the case may be best judged from the following reference to the *Church Herald* in the *Tablet* of Saturday last. The *Tablet* quotes from the *Church Herald* as saying that:—"The *Church Review* and *Church Times*" (two High Church papers) "are detestably Liberal"; "that quite recently the *Church Review* spoke of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in language which, coming from a man who calls himself a Catholic and professes to believe in the Church as an institution not bounded by the waters that separate England from the Continent, is positively sickening", and speaking of another article from the *Church Review*, it says "the man who wrote that, whatever his profession, must at heart be a Protestant." It seems plain from this that the *Church Herald* is not "a Protestant source."

That the dispute turned solely on whether the *Church Herald* is or is not a Roman Catholic organ does not seem to have occurred to Lord Oranmore. Whole columns of abuse of Protestantism and Liberalism cannot alter the fact that it is a Protestant paper in the only sense of the word at all germane to the controversy—i.e. that it is not a Roman Catholic one.

But Lord Oranmore is prudently resolved to have two strings to his bow. Though he considers the *Church Herald* as good a Catholic authority as the *Weekly Register*, he will not give up the latter. There is something quite touching in his childlike confidence in the accuracy of any newspaper paragraph which happens to catch his eye. Though he had already burnt his fingers by his unsuspecting faith in the *Register*, he at once accepts with equal readiness the assurance of "the *Echo of Saturday last*" that the *Weekly Register* is "the authorized mouthpiece of Mgr. Capel," and he also finds—whether in the *Echo* or elsewhere we are not informed—Mgr. Capel's name among those who were invited to the Prince's garden party, without apparently its even being stated that he went to it. And so, putting two and two together, Lord Oranmore infers that Mgr. Capel was responsible for the insertion of the obnoxious paragraph about Cardinal Manning's reception in his "authorized mouthpiece," and, "considering the means of information he possessed," by having been invited to the same party himself, must have known that it was untrue, and ought to have corrected it accordingly; and therefore the rumour which has caused all this disturbance was due to a Catholic and not a Protestant source. *Q.E.D.* This specimen of ratiocination is so re-

markable that it may be worth while to illustrate it by an hypothetical, but strictly analogous, example. It used to be said when Mr. Gladstone was in office—whether correctly or not does not matter—that the *Daily Telegraph* was his “mouthpiece.” Let us suppose then that the *Telegraph* had quoted from the last week’s *John Bull* some very silly story about something or other said to have occurred at a ball at Marlborough House, to which it appeared from the *Court Circular* that Mr. Gladstone among others had been invited, and that this story had become the subject of popular gossip and eventually of a question in the House of Lords. It would have been open to the questioner to argue, by Lord Oranmore’s system of logic—first, that the *Telegraph* was responsible for the paragraph inserted, though it was in fact given as a quotation from the *John Bull*; secondly, that Mr. Gladstone was responsible for it, as the *Telegraph* was his organ; thirdly, that as he had been himself invited to the ball, and thus had “the means of information” as to the precise accuracy of the story, he must be held to have personally endorsed it; fourthly, and in consequence of all this, that the rumour was referable to a Liberal and not to a Conservative source; and, fifthly, that it more or less implicated the whole Liberal party, as Lord Oranmore holds the Roman Catholic body to be implicated in the “considerable authority” of the statements or citations of the *Weekly Register*. It is hardly necessary to offer any criticism on this notable method of argumentation. And into the particular question which Lord Oranmore was so anxious to raise we have no desire to follow him, partly from its extreme insignificance, and still more from what the Duke of Richmond not obscurely characterized as its extreme impertinence. It is not our privilege to be familiar with either of his lordship’s two leading authorities, the *Weekly Register* and *Church Herald*. But to judge from the specimens of their contents which he has supplied, there does not seem to be very much to choose between them. The folly of borrowing the nonsensical paragraph which has proved the source of such gratuitous heart-burnings and equally gratuitous congratulations was only second to the more egregious folly of constructing it.

COUNSEL’S FEES AND DUTIES.

AN attempt was made, when the Judicature Act was lately under consideration in the House of Commons, to raise a discussion on the subject of counsel’s fees. It was hardly to be expected that the House would listen with interest to such a discussion in the month of August, even if the occasion of raising it had been more appropriate. But it will be open to Mr. Norwood to bring in a Bill next Session, and the whole question of the remuneration, duties, and liabilities of barristers can then be thoroughly examined. It may be hoped, however, that the evil mentioned by several speakers will by that time be mitigated by the operation of the Judicature Act. At present, as was truly said by Mr. Gregory, there is no arrangement existing at the Common Law Bar by which the services of barristers can be secured in the cases for which they have been retained. The most important and lucrative part of the business of this Bar is the trial of special-jury cases; and instead of allowing this business to proceed throughout the legal year, it has been limited to a certain number of days after Michaelmas, Hilary, and Trinity Terms. In order to make any head against the arrears thus accumulated, it was necessary that two Judges of each court should sit with juries during the short period allowed for the sittings, and thus there would be six courts sitting at the same time, and counsel taking briefs in all of them. But if the sittings had been held in term, as well as after term, it is possible that three courts might have sufficed. In term, however, the courts would sit *in banc*, and counsel might be engaged in arguing before one of these courts at the moment when his presence would be required at *nisi prius*. Even after term the courts have sometimes sat *in banc*, and besides the Courts of Common Law, which might thus form eight or nine different divisions, there were the Divorce Court, the Privy Council, and the House of Lords, in all which courts the same counsel might take briefs. In the Divorce Court especially the counsel of most repute at *nisi prius* have been habitually employed, and in that court it is worth while to pay high fees.

This abuse is of comparatively modern growth. Formerly, serjeants were attached to the Court of Common Pleas, and Sir James Scarlett habitually practised in the Queen’s Bench, and did not leave it without a special fee. But recently all Queen’s Counsel and serjeants have taken briefs in Queen’s Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, and it might happen that the same counsel would be engaged in three or four cases at the same moment. The client who has paid a leading counsel’s fee has at least the satisfaction of knowing that that counsel cannot appear against him, and perhaps that counsel opens the case in a neat little speech, and leaves his junior to examine the witnesses, coming back after a time to make another speech on the effect of evidence which he has not heard. In important cases it has become usual to employ two leading counsel, so that one of them at least may be at hand when wanted.

In the Courts of Chancery this evil did not prevail to nearly the same extent, because it was usual for each leading counsel to attach himself to one court and only to leave it on a special fee. Unless, therefore, a particular counsel happened to be engaged before the Court of Appeal in Chancery or the House of Lords or

Privy Council, he was nearly sure to be available in the court in which he habitually practised. At least we may say that there was one court in which he was ordinarily to be found, whereas when the Common Law Courts were sitting at *nisi prius* with special juries there were six courts in which a leading counsel was equally likely to be engaged. Supposing that under the Judicature Act either six courts or three courts sit continuously for the trial of special and common jury cases, it might be expected to be advantageous to leading counsel as well as to suitors that these counsel should attach themselves to particular courts. According to the Irish dictum, a man cannot be in two places at once unless he is a bird. In the interest of the Bar it is to be regretted that the love of litigation which commonly possesses Englishmen should be checked by difficulties as to securing the services of counsel. The system which has hitherto prevailed may suit the interest of a few leading counsel, but it injures the great majority of the Bar by discouraging the public. The uncertainty of the law is bad enough without superadding uncertainty whether the lawyer whom you have instructed will appear to conduct your case. The limitation of sittings at Westminster and Guildhall to a fixed number of days after term was intended to prevent their interfering with the Assizes. But under the Judicature Act continuous sittings may be held, and if enough Judges can be found, these sittings may go on contemporaneously with the Assizes, and in that case counsel will be obliged to choose between them. Under the system which has hitherto prevailed, trials by jury in London, except in the Divorce Court, have ceased by the 10th of July, by which time both Judges and counsel had engagements at the Assizes, but under the new system it may be possible to hold sittings at Westminster or Guildhall, or both, for at least a month longer. It cannot be doubted that increased facilities will increase business, and the wonder is that the legal profession, in its own interest, did not carry this reform years ago. Within the last fortnight cases which belong properly to London, or at least which do not belong properly to Surrey, have been tried at Croydon, and although there is no limit except human weakness to the time to which these Assizes might be protracted, yet experience has usually shown that the reluctance of Judges, counsel, and juries to enter upon long cases increases rapidly after the middle of August. One of the Judges takes the criminal cases and the common juries, and the other Judge takes the special juries; but when the former Judge has finished his work, he helps the latter, and it is then announced that parties must be ready to try their special jury cases in either court. The effect of this often is that, when a case is called on in one court, the counsel engaged in it is engaged also in the other court, and he hands over his brief to some other counsel of perhaps less experience, who has no knowledge of the case beforehand. Counsel are not to blame for this, but it is not less unsatisfactory to the client, and it arises from the general desire of Bench and Bar to finish the business and get away for a holiday. Thus cases are tried hurriedly in August which might have been deliberately tried in June or July.

It is to be hoped that better arrangements may be possible under the new system. The interest both of the public and of the Bar requires that counsel should not undertake business to which it is not reasonably probable they will be able to give attention. Some application to the Common Law Bar of the Chancery practice of choosing a court and keeping to it would seem feasible. But it is very unlikely that change will be carried beyond that. Mr. Norwood’s proposal to place the relations between barristers and clients on the footing of contract would be intensely unpopular with the former, and they are a very influential body. A leading counsel might properly say that he would do his best for his various clients, but could guarantee nothing. Even under the best arrangements he might be arguing before a court *in banc* at the moment of a case in which he was briefed coming on at *nisi prius*. He might calculate that the one case would end before the other case began; but it might not, and if a contract existed between him and his client, he would be liable for whatever damage might be ascribed to his absence. Under the present system clients, or at least attorneys, know the risks they run, and if they prefer the chance of a great man to the certainty of a small man, they can only blame themselves for disappointment. A further complaint was made in the House of Commons of a practice by which the clerks of leading counsel let attorneys know when they consider the fees marked on their masters’ briefs inadequate. It is evident, however, that the rule that counsel is bound to accept any fee is unpractical. Even if a client could compel a counsel to work for a small fee, he could not compel him to work well, and, besides, counsel, as well as other men, have to maintain themselves and families. In important cases, indeed, high fees are seldom grudged, but intense dissatisfaction is felt when the fee has been paid and the counsel does not turn up. If the case was lost in his absence, the client will believe that it was lost because of his absence, and would bring an action against him if the law allowed it. It was properly remarked by Mr. Russell Gurney in this debate that counsel cannot be blamed for the consequences of having what is called a second Court of Queen’s Bench, Common Pleas, or Exchequer, to which a case may be transferred at a moment’s notice from the first court. This practice is similar to that which is adopted in order to finish business expeditiously on circuit, and it has been adopted in London as the only mode of making any impression within the allotted time on the arrears of work. No doubt its adoption shows insensibility to some considerations which suitors naturally think important, and they would have to console them-

selves as they best could under the loss of a selected counsel by the reflection that it is the fortune of war, and that these things may happen to all alike. But when it is urged that a counsel ought to confine himself, say, to the Court of Queen's Bench, he might answer that it is equally impossible to be in two places at once as to be in six. It appears from Mr. Russell Gurney's speech that when he was young and in an age which, in a very figurative sense of the word, may be called golden, he understood that a barrister was bound to take any fee marked on his brief. There was then, he says, nothing like bargaining for fees. We apprehend, however, that it was always open to the clerk of a counsel of established reputation to intimate to the attorney who sent a brief to his master's chambers his dissatisfaction at the size of the figure endorsed upon it. When Mr. Russell Gurney was young, he, like other young men, was probably willing to do business for moderate fees, and the only rule with which he would come in contact would be that which fixes a minimum fee. Thus a counsel may without the intervention of an attorney take a brief from a prisoner in the dock, but he must have a fee with it, and the usual minimum is one guinea. Yet there are or were occasions in civil practice on which counsel might take half-a-guinea, and in some ages and countries fees have been paid in kind, as by a fat goose or a basket of fruit. The whole subject of counsel's fees was examined a few years ago by Mr. Kennedy in arguing in support of his claim against the lady who was at one time known as Mrs. Swinfen, and he produced from early times examples of bargaining for fees, or something very like it, and also judicial opinions in favour of the liability of counsel who did not perform agreed services. But in giving judgment against Mr. Kennedy's claim, Lord Chief Justice Erle declared that in the records of the law there is no trace whatever either that an advocate has ever maintained a suit against his client for his fees in litigation, or a client against an advocate for breach of a contract to advocate, and he placed the reason of the law which he thus declared on very high ground indeed. If, he said, the law allowed the advocate to make a contract of hiring and service, it may be that his mind would be lowered, and that his performance would be guided by the words of his contract rather than by principles of duty. The same ground was taken in a more recent case by the late Lord Justice Giffard, who hoped never to see the day when a counsel coming into court to enforce his claim for fees against the client would be successful. This view is held by the great majority of judges and barristers, and Parliament is not very likely to disregard it. But if it is to prevail, the public may at least ask that the best possible arrangements may be made for enabling barristers to attend to cases in which they accept briefs.

LAW AND CRIME IN THE FAR WEST.

THE trial of certain high dignitaries of the Mormon Church for the memorable massacre at the Mountain Meadow reminds us of the marvellous changes that have taken place in the last twenty years in what used to be called the "Far West" of the Union. The Far West is now "the Midland Counties." There are still vast stretches of prairie that await their reclaimers, although the buffaloes that used to graze them in countless herds are being scared away to their remote outskirts. There is still a great extent of barren mountain and salt-strewn desert which will probably never be made productive unless the mountains prove metalliferous. But all the way from the thickly settled States of the East to the Pacific seaboard there extends a chain of flourishing and comparatively respectable communities, which is being linked up more closely year after year. The great continent has its "Midland Line," too, and the city of the Mormons on the Salt Lake may be said to be its central terminus. Uncle Sam has stretched out his long and muscular arm and laid down his powerful hand upon Brigham Young and his industrious flock. Pushing Gentiles have established stores, counting-houses, and warehouses in the very midst of the harems of the Peculiar People. A strong garrison in an entrenched camp enforces the authority of a Gentile Governor, and State tribunals which take their instructions from Washington act independently of the inspiration of the Prophet, and empanel juries who sift evidence more or less impartially. The reign of fanatical terrorism is at an end, and not only are the roads made tolerably safe, but half-forgotten outrages are brought up for judgment, the prescription of long immunity notwithstanding. A few years ago extravagant possibilities of this kind were naturally never taken into account. Strong in the revelation they professed to believe, stronger still in their absolute isolation, the Mormons did precisely what seemed right in their own eyes. This Mountain Meadow massacre was a natural fruit of the jealous and revengeful policy that turned the popular sentiment to its own account. Brigham Young is said to have cleared himself of direct complicity in it, but notwithstanding the divinity of his mission, he had neither the authority to prevent it nor the power to punish the culprits. The "persecution" of their neighbours in the border States had already compelled the Saints to shift their quarters. They pioneered a new track through a country where water was scarce and wild Indians plentiful. Skeletons of men, horses, and oxen marked the lines that must be followed by immigrants from the Union. Unflagging industry, stimulated by spiritual enthusiasm, had assured the success of the new settlement in the wilderness. But its very success threatened the newly-won security of its founders, and the restless Western men who had forced the Mormons to move

on began to follow with their families and substance. Not without reason the Saints began to be seriously uneasy lest they might be crowded out a second time if this sort of thing went on. So, hearing that an unusually numerous company of the enemy had started from Arkansas, and might be shortly expected on the Salt Lake, they resolved to make a signal example. "Bishop" Lee, who has just had to stand a trial, was supposed to have charged himself with the execution of the enterprise. We learn that the jury have been unable to agree on a verdict, so we have no right to assume his guilt; but there is no question as to the main facts of the massacre. Whoever was responsible for it managed it well, according to the practice of savage frontier warfare. The camp of the unlucky emigrants was surrounded in the night. There was a simultaneous onslaught on all sides by Mormons in Indian disguise, with genuine Indian allies. Many of the defenders were shot down and scalped offhand; the rest surrendered on the promise of quarter, a promise which was only kept so far as the youngest children were concerned. This was in September 1857, and ever since that time the horrible affair has been common talk, although rumours and gossip had been gradually dissipating themselves in the vague atmosphere of myth and tradition. The old inhabitants who were supposed to have played the leading parts in the atrocity seemed likely to go down to their graves in peace, after having lived in that halo of local notoriety which is tantamount to general respect where the police had so long been a cipher. Unfortunately for them, however, California had meanwhile become respectable in a different way, and had adopted the law-abiding prejudices of the Eastern States, while running them hard in the matter of the accumulation of riches. The manufacturers and merchants of the one coast reached out a hand to the merchants, gold-diggers, and grain-growers of the other, and sought investments and openings for their superfluous dollars in developing intercourse by inter-oceanic railways. Brigham Young, with his accustomed shrewdness, made the best of the inevitable, took a lucrative contract on the line, and helped to make the railway. But the result is that the cities of refuge for roughs, rowdies, and fanatics have been brought under the immediate control of the laws and military forces of the Union; and a growing sense of insecurity among those whose hands have hitherto been turned against every one offers materially increased guarantees for the general safety of life and property.

It is not only, nor even chiefly, in Utah that the consequences of this new state of things have become apparent. With the peculiar spiritual privileges which they claimed, and the convenient flexibility of their perverted consciences, the Mormons could be unscrupulous and truculent enough when it was a question of discouraging intrusion on their territory, or interference with their cherished monopoly of money-making. But, as a rule, they only asked to be left alone, and, with the exception of some members of the extreme sect of the Danites, they were the last men to indulge in bloody tavern brawls or to draw their six-shooters on inoffensive strangers. It was very different in the mountain villages which sprang up so rapidly into towns in these mining districts. There the measure of respect accorded to prominent citizens was literally proportioned to the number and quality of the murders they had perpetrated. "Mark Twain" knew the country well, and we believe that he may be generally trusted when he is talking seriously of its condition. He tells us that the first five-and-twenty persons buried in the graveyard of Virginia City had all been assassinated, and that no one of the assassins had ever been brought to justice. Aspiring young men had to "make their proofs," like hangers-on of the Court of France in the times of the League and the Fronde. The sheriffs, the State marshals, and the local policemen used to go "on the shoot," like anybody else, and chivalry went no further than giving the intended victim "a show"—that is to say, a warning before firing. There were professional bullies who boasted of the honourable scars from pistol shots and knife stabs which seamed their persons; who went from one drinking bar to another, armed to the teeth, ready to provoke the quarrels that might add to their bloody laurels. It was said that an ordinarily prudent man when he was drawn into a casual chat with a stranger always kept his hand on the revolver in his pocket, that he might anticipate any suspicious movement of his interlocutor. As it happened, too, the most lawless communities in the world were the richest in valuable portable property. When violent deaths were matters of daily occurrence, and when lucky miners carried their bags of gold dust or their piles of dollars on their persons, crimes that went unpunished and almost unremarked must constantly have been prompted by sheer cupidity. Naturally this state of things got so desperately bad that it helped to cure itself. The steadier and more sensible men who were making money, when they found they could count neither on keeping it nor on living to enjoy it, began to form themselves into Committees of "Regulators"; and, as might have been expected, once launched in that direction, they were easily led to overshoot the mark. On hasty charges, men were tried, sentenced, and summarily lynched for offences of which they were subsequently proved to be innocent; and the last state of things threatened to be even worse than the first, for it was easier to keep clear of revolvers and bowie-knives than of suspicious and malicious tongues. But gradually good grew out of the evil, and, in spite of frequent miscarriages of justice, a rude system of repression was steadily improved into something more trustworthy. It was a great step towards the establishment of order when, under the rigorous proceedings of

its local Regulators, San Francisco ceased to be a sanctuary of crime. It set the example to smaller cities in California, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, and Arizona, and checks were in most places set to criminal license when the population attained a certain figure. The establishment of through railway communication has done more than anything else to give an impulse to this process of social regeneration, and to facilitate the action of the law. It is true, no doubt, that in spite of the branch railway lines which follow the course of discoveries of the precious metals, the distances are still great that divide outlying settlements from towns that may be called orderly. But troops can be moved easily from place to place; garrisons have been established from which parties or flying columns can be detached at any moment; and in the event of the perpetration of any flagrant crime, the telegraph is there to stop the criminal.

Perhaps, however, the surest sign of permanent improvement is the confidence with which capital is invested in undertakings that are best superintended by the owners. In the infancy of mining ventures, lucky diggers used to carry their lives in their hands, and hide the prizes they had drawn either on their claims or about their persons. Now joint-stock enterprise has very much superseded individual efforts. Whole ranges of mountain are undermined, and pierced for miles in all directions with labyrinths of shafts and galleries. Millions of dollars are laid out on roads, railways, and tramways, for the conveyance of the mining produce, and thousands of acres of forest land are being cleared to get fuel for the smelting furnaces and timber for propping the galleries and adits. Great undertakings of this kind necessarily attract a variety of traders of all sorts who are making money fast, and these men, having lives to be careful of and property to protect, exert their influence on the side of order. The local journals have to write for a public opinion which is setting its face against rowdyism, and if the agents of the law mean to stand well with their superiors at headquarters, they must distinguish themselves by their vigorous dealing with desperadoes. With the exception of the roughs and criminals, the only people who have to complain of these changes are the Indians. The children of the braves who used to go annually on the war path have been hunted down with the buffaloes by which they once lived. Where they have not shifted their hunting-grounds into regions where the white miners follow them up perseveringly, they have dwindled into bands of degraded raganauiffs, hanging on to the skirts of the townships, and ready to sell themselves or their families for firewater. This steady process of extermination may be indefensible on grounds of natural justice, but undoubtedly it is advantageous to the whites who are replacing the Red Men. In place of staggering along under a ponderous rifle looking out for signs of Indians, and setting the watches after a hard day's work when he lay down to a broken sleep behind a breastwork of wagon-wheels, the settler may now take his ticket by train, and buy his stock when he draws near his destination. He may put up with the jolting of a roughly-made line now that he only recognizes by their names on the station-boards the notorious "Bloody Bluffs" and "Smoky Forks" where so many of his venturesome predecessors were slaughtered and scalped. The Americans may well regret if tardy justice fails to overtake the authors of the atrocious massacre at the Mountain Meadow; but at all events they may comfort themselves by remembering that the punishment of the criminals is no longer needed as a warning.

POETICAL PADDING.

THE world has witnessed many strange epidemics. Some have been disorders of the mind, some have affected only the body. Sneezing, dancing, and fasting have been diseases as virulent and as infectious as smallpox or scarlatina. Those who are learned in such matters observe how sometimes, without any apparent cause, one malady breaks out with peculiar force, and sometimes another. Now it is cholera, now it is suicidal mania. At one conjuncture influenza, at another infanticide, regulates the increase of the population. Sometimes milder symptoms prevail. Influenza becomes a cold in the head. Murder is mitigated into wife-beating, and the man who at one period would give way to fits of uncontrollable ferocity at another sighs forth his soul in dogrel. We appear to be passing through a visitation of the scribbling mania. It has frequently attacked the world before. Swift and Pope noticed its prevalence in their day. A violent form of the complaint is mentioned by the classic poets. But never probably in the world's history has it assumed such alarming proportions as at present. Hecker's German method would be needed to do it full justice. A man who recently committed murder and has been reprieved was pronounced to have suffered from the "madness of conceit"; and it may be worth while to point to this melancholy example as showing what, if not nipped in the bud, even the most innocent of valentine writers may eventually reach. The man who would make a pun would, as everybody has heard on high authority, pick a pocket; and the man who once discovers the affinities existing between love and dove, rove and above, may, if not treated with sufficient promptitude, finally owe his forfeited life to the turning of a medical phrase.

The editors of magazines incur a serious responsibility when they admit such poetry as that which now abounds in their pages. They minister encouragement to minds diseased. A large number of otherwise estimable people seem to labour under the necessity of

putting their thoughts into metre. Perhaps we should not say their "thoughts." Thoughts are what their compositions most want. They put nonsense into rhyme, if they can, or else into blank verse, and, not content with this fatal step, further insist on rushing into print. It is a fact that many people who cannot write intelligible prose are able to make verse, intelligible or not, and their mania for seeing it in type is such that long and repeated applications of cooling sentences like "Declined with thanks" will not appease the fever in their blood. The magazines of this month offer a fair test of the severity and widespread character of the present epidemic. The actual number and condition of those infected are statistics which could only be furnished by obtaining the average of many editorial waste-paper baskets; but some light is thrown on the subject by an examination of such a poem as that contributed to *London Society* under the name of "May," in which the unfortunate gentleman attacked lays the blame on another. He puts Adam's excuse in this form:—

Must I then write a poem? I sigh at
The fate that I cannot refuse;
For it's May that has issued her flat
To my very incompetent muse.

Agreeing entirely with the gentleman in this modest estimate of his poetical talents, we observe as we read that he must still be labouring under an incipient form of the disease, for he modestly allows that he talks "Just like a pedagogue glum," and further complains that his verses won't flow, that they are "unoriginal and tame," that the metre is "halting and slow, love, the sentiment silly and tame"; in all which we fully acquiesce. We cannot but commend the critical insight he exhibits. He measures his own abilities so justly that we feel astonished that he allowed his better promptings to be overruled. Why should verses of whose defects he is so well aware have been sent for publication, and not consigned to the fireplace? After two stanzas of modest complaint, reason totters on her throne. The poet has worked himself into the fine frenzy required, and at length exclaims:—

Well, I'll hammer
My brains till I hit on a way.
Ah! I see it.

What he sees does not transpire. Whatever it is, it inspires this verse:—

But—you think me a croaker. Confess it.
Come, we'll price and dispose of you, eh?
Let's unite our craniums and guess it,
The price and the buyer of May.

By the cyclopean process indicated above he contrives to forge at length, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, no fewer than 112 lines, many of which are quite equal to these specimens; concluding at last with the not surprising information that May is yawning terribly. He dismisses her and himself with the wish that her life may prove "one infinite dawn"—a wish of which we fail to catch the full significance. Nor is this the only poet who finds himself obliged this month to sing against his muse's will. A writer in *Blackwood* confesses, like the gentleman with the "very incompetent muse," to a deficient inspiration. He has no wish to tune the lyre. But, like those who sat of old by the waters of Babylon, a song is required of him. A mysterious influence is upon him. He must comply. Having complied, he must print; yet he sadly complains that his "harp hath many a broken string, and few that keep the measure"; concluding with pathetic diffidence:—

Defer hands fit lay
For thine ear must borrow;
Mine are weak and chill to-day,
And will be cold to-morrow.

Forewarned is forearmed, and we trust the poet purchased a thick pair of gloves against this anticipated accession of manual frigidity.

It can scarcely be doubted that some of our periodical poets owe their acceptance by editors to the obscurity of their language. Mystery is, as we know, a great element in majesty. The unknown is always magnificent. There are people who pay involuntary respect to what they cannot understand. They think that hidden meaning lurks behind the veil of an entangled sentence. On this principle much of the verse before us has evidently been selected. In the *Cornhill*, for example, there is a short poem—and let us observe, once for all, that we use the word "poem" here and elsewhere, so to speak, without prejudice—which is entitled "Morning," and having read it more than once, we still fail to apprehend the meaning of the last stanza. In fact, we cannot parse it:—

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb,
Thought has light for neighbour
Room! the rival giants come—
Lo, the Sun and Labour.

In days gone by the sun and labour were very good friends; they were, in fact, almost inseparable. No rivalry between them existed; and so far, unless they have been affected very recently by Trade-Unionism, we have no reason to fear any competition outside the lines before us. But if this little piece of solar economy is afforded in the *Cornhill*, it is nothing in comparison with what in other places we read about the moon. One gentleman, whom the prevailing epidemic seems to have visited with unusual severity, declares that our satellite was specially created to be witness of his love and because his life is cold. He thus addresses her:—

O Moon, gentle friend, of all this
Thou knowest alone.

A strange assertion when we consider that, unless two persons at least were in the secret, there could have been very little for exclusive lunar information. But this poet goes further. Apparently he has himself visited the moon. He describes in glowing language the treasures stored in her caves:—"The sweetest wild attars of love which the rose of the heart can afford." All the treasures of love, including no doubt the store of attar of roses laid up in the moon, will one day be cast upon the floor of heaven in a heap, and the writer selfishly intends, as he informs us, to pick what is best, stepping forth "from the bands of the blest," and "not alone"; but at this point the sentiment so closely approaches profanity that we must desist from further quotation; only observing, that while we give the writer every credit for the honesty with which he avows his greedy intentions, we cannot but observe with surprise that his poem is published in *Good Words*. For further information regarding the moon we turn to another poem. It may be found in *Tinsley*, and from it we learn that she scorns the love of the sea—"love scorned, but not impaired"; and also that

The waves are spread across with path of adamant,
As if they thought Diana might to bathe her fair face pant,
And they a glittering way would spread to shame her road of stars.

And notwithstanding the constancy of the sea generally, we find on reading a little further that the waves in particular have no objection to a little flirtation on their own account with the cliffs, even, with an indiscretion which the writer omits to condemn, "kissing the sands a thousand times with lips that never clow." We also get some interesting information regarding mermaids. One of them is described as having amber hair, which she combs and combs, but never plait:—

She rests her hands upon the land, her bosom on the stone.

She starts when the cold waters moan, she weeps, she pillows her head upon a stone, and altogether acts in a distraught and melancholy manner very different from the gay and festive habits of the sirens whom we usually meet in the paths of fiction.

We might multiply examples like this almost without an end. In *Cassell's* we read of a cedar that has a "tufted roof of autumn gold." In the *Gentleman's* a person is described as swooning far down the subtly threaded maze of his lover's eyes. Of mere jangling rhymes about haunting eyes and babies' cries and how sunset dies there is an unlimited supply. The religious poetry is no better. Some of it is too profane for quotation here; but what good can such a verse as this do to anybody?—

But she lay dead as white as a sheet;
She lay as white as flour of wheat;
And she was folded all in white
To rise an angel, ever bright.

It sounds like the epitaph a village blacksmith composes for a country gravestone. In another well-known religious magazine we have the noble and simple parable of the Sower thus garbled into unintelligible bosh:—

A sower went to sow his seed;
Drear was the place in fallow need;
Seemed as he turned the barren soil,
The cheerless winds to mock his toil;
Fell chill, as if he wrought in vain,
Tears of the melancholy rain.

The saddest feature in all this versification is its utter want of originality. If here and there we meet a piece which is a little less dreary, it is borrowed more or less directly from Browning or Swinburne. Tennyson is less often imitated. Tennyson imitations are too much even for periodical padding.

REVIEWS.

BREWER'S GERALDUS CAMBRENSIS.—VOL. IV.*

A CERTAIN degree of irregularity in reviewing the series of *Chronicles* and *Memorials*, and specially in reviewing those of its volumes which contain the works of Giraldus, will perhaps be forgiven by those who have tried to grapple with the exceeding irregularity with which the volumes themselves have appeared. First Mr. Brewer edited the first, second, and third volumes; then, with a leap over the fourth, Mr. Dimock edited the fifth and sixth; and a seventh volume from Mr. Dimock has been advertised as in the press, not quite so long indeed as the long-promised *Sagas* of Mr. Dasset, but still for a good while. But meanwhile the missing link is supplied. We have now the fourth volume, edited by Mr. Brewer, and it may be better, on the whole, to say something about it at once without waiting for Mr. Dimock's seventh, whose progress seems not to be of the quickest. The present volume contains two pieces of Giraldus, the *Speculum Ecclesiae* and the Life of Geoffrey, Archbishop of York, the natural son of Henry the Second. The *Speculum* must, as Mr. Brewer says, have been troublesome work to edit. The single manuscript, the only one which Mr. Brewer believes ever to have existed, was carelessly written in the first instance, it was mutilated before the fire in the Cottonian Library, and further mutilated by the fire. Whole chapters are lost, whole sentences in other chapters are so mutilated as to

be meaningless. Here there is no work for the collator, no light to be thrown on one text by comparison with another; the editor has nothing to do but to decipher and print his single text as well as he can. The lack of more copies of the book Mr. Brewer attributes to its nature. There was no one who could be specially tempted to copy it. The copyists of books in Giraldus's days were mainly monks, and no monks were likely to feel any special call to copy the *Speculum Ecclesiae*; for the greater part of the book consists of revilements of monks, of grave declamations against their crimes, and of every kind of ludicrous or scandalous story that could be put together about them. The chief objects of his attack are the Cistercians, the order which had grown in the twelfth century by virtue of their supposed greater austerity and holiness; but who, if Giraldus is to be believed—a rather important "if," we must allow—had sadly degenerated by the beginning of the thirteenth. Such a book is in every way characteristic of its author; but, if it were a book of which we could implicitly believe every word, it would not be characteristic of its author. We take every statement of Giraldus, whether about particular persons or about whole classes of men, with a good deal of allowance. We need not settle the question whether Giraldus was or was not a conscious liar. It is enough that he was so utterly careless about truth in the case of any one who offended him, that, even if he did not consciously lie, it was exactly the same to every one but himself as if he had consciously lied. He was at least ready to set down any tale that told against any of his enemies, without stopping to weigh the evidence for it. And when the tales tell against whole classes of men, a further consideration comes in. The tale may be true, and yet the inference drawn from it may be false. In all classes of men there are black sheep, and one great source of unfairness is to attribute the faults of those black sheep to a whole class among whom they may be quite exceptional. It may sound paradoxical, but it is certain that, in such a case as this, a false tale may often prove more than a true one. The general run of Giraldus's tales is to accuse the Cistercian monks of avarice and worldliness. Now a perfectly true story of even the grossest avarice on the part of a Cistercian monk would in itself, if it stood alone, prove nothing against Cistercian monks in general. A number of false stories would really prove more. They would prove a common belief; and a common belief, when it has grown up of itself, when it is not the result either of calumnies or of eulogies invented to serve a purpose, is sure to contain at least a half truth. Most likely it will not contain more than a half truth, but it will contain that much. A common belief charging the Cistercians with avarice might do great injustice both to individuals and to the order as a whole; but it would be sure to have some ground. It would show the direction in which their faults lay; it would show what was likely to be the vice of those individuals or societies of the order who were vicious at all. In this way the charges, both of avarice and of other faults, both against the Cistercians and against other people, with which the *Speculum Ecclesiae* abounds, do prove something. If, as Mr. Brewer suspects, some of them are mere stock stories, they prove more than if they were of Giraldus's own inventing or improving. They more distinctly prove the general belief.

Mr. Brewer, as it strikes us, has hardly done himself or his subject justice in his Preface. After waiting so long, it at last shows signs of hurry. It is almost wholly about the Cistercians, and about Giraldus's treatment of them. His chief argument is to show that many of the faults attributed to them by Giraldus followed almost necessarily from their position as a poor order, who were driven to make the most of their property. Poor they undoubtedly were, as compared with the great Benedictine houses. But, even setting aside such exceptional cases as Fountains, the buildings which they raised on which Mr. Brewer himself enlarges, are such as show that their poverty was at most comparative. And we think that Mr. Brewer insists a little too strongly on the lay character of monasteries. To think that every monk was a priest is of course as much a mere vulgar error as to think that every priest was a monk, but this does not make monasteries lay societies in the sense which those words would naturally convey. When the main object, indeed the only direct object, of a body is religious, and when the higher officers of the society are all in holy orders, it is no fair comparison to say that "they were associations of laymen, like St. Thomas's Hospital or the Company of Merchant Taylors, appointing their own chaplains, and possessing ecclesiastical property, but not ecclesiastics on that account any more than the former." And when Mr. Brewer most rightly complains of those who "fall into inextricable confusion by jumbling together in one undistinguished mass clergy, monks, and friars, as if there were no essential difference between them," he hardly makes matters better by going on to say:—

This is as unpardonable as if they should imagine that the House of Convocation, the Wesleyan Conference, and the University of Oxford were all parts of the same body, and together constituted the Church of England.

There surely can be no kind of analogy between any class of monks or friars and the Wesleyan Conference. Some very strict Anglican writers are fond of calling the monks schismatics, on account of their constant exemptions from episcopal jurisdiction. Those exemptions were undoubtedly a very great evil, but it is absurd to speak of them as schismatics, when they were made by an authority which the bishops and the whole Church at the time acknowledged. But our main complaint is that Mr. Brewer has kept himself so wholly to this Cistercian question. The whole of the *Speculum Ecclesiae* is not devoted to Cistercian matters, still less is the whole

* *Giraldi Cambrensis Opera: Scilicet, Speculum Ecclesiae. De Vita Galfridi Archiepiscopi Eboracensis: sive Certamina Galfridi Eboracensis Archiepiscopi.* Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

volume formed by adding the life of Archbishop Geoffrey to the *Speculum Ecclesie*. And, even when Giraldus is talking about Cistercians, he is sure to let drop, as on all other occasions, matter which illustrates the general history of the time. To the life of Archbishop Geoffrey Mr. Brewer does not give a word of comment. Perhaps he may think that the whole period to which Geoffrey belongs has been fully dealt with by Professor Stubbs; but Professor Stubbs has not actually edited this treatise of Giraldus, and there is surely something still left to be said from Giraldus's own point of view. This life of Geoffrey contains Giraldus's fierce attack upon William of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, a man who doubtless was bad enough, without believing all the foul scandals which Giraldus has found to tell about him. But this life, and especially the account of William of Longchamp, has an importance of quite another kind. Some expressions in it have been made use of to foster popular notions as to the extraordinary contempt with which the Normans, even as late as the time of Richard the First, looked down upon the English. There can be little doubt that it was from certain expressions attributed to this Bishop that Lord Macaulay was led to make his strange statement that, in the time of Richard the First, the ordinary imprecation of a Norman gentleman was "May I become an Englishman!" that "his ordinary form of indignant denial was, Do you take me for an Englishman?" Now William Longchamp is undoubtedly described as using language very like this, but, as far as we can see, no one else except William Rufus, most certainly no one else in the time of Richard the First. The ordinary language of a Norman gentleman can hardly be inferred from the language of one who can hardly be called either Norman or gentleman, and whose language is specially commented on as personally characteristic of himself. By a Norman gentleman Lord Macaulay evidently meant a descendant of one of the original followers of the Conqueror settled in England. But though Bishop William was a native of Normandy, his father was said to have been a runaway French serf, and his contemptuous language towards the English is clearly meant to apply to the inhabitants of England generally, on whichever side their forefathers may have fought a hundred and thirty years before. Again, it appears from the curious adventure that happened to him at Dover, that Bishop William could not speak, and seemingly could not understand, English; but then this fact of one Bishop's ignorance of English is pointed out as something remarkable by another Bishop, himself also a native of Normandy. In fact, these notices, like everything else, show how complete the fusion of races had been by that time, and we wonder that Mr. Brewer did not stop to point this out. So again, Mr. Brewer tells us at some length in his Preface a story which Giraldus tells about Henry the Second—Mr. Brewer says Henry the First, but it is "Henricus Secundus" in the text in p. 213—which is not unlikely to be, as Mr. Brewer says, only "an amusing and popular fiction." It is one of the stories of which there are many, about a king losing his way and being entertained by an abbot, who takes him for one of the king's retinue. The king and the abbot presently talk a very odd language over their cups, but the story certainly implies Henry the Second's knowledge of English, which is also proved by another and better known story in another work of Giraldus:—

Abbas autem, ut militis animam exhilararet, ipsumque sibi placabili magia efficaret, calices ei crebros de potu electo more Anglicano propinari fecit. Ipsemet quoque, quatinus ad melius potandum militem provocaret et efficacius inviterat, loco *Wessel* ait ei, "Pril." Ille vero ignorans quid responderet debetur, eductus ab abate pro *Drinchel* respondit ei, "Vril;" et sic provocantes ad invicem et compotantes, cum monachis et fratribus assistentibus et servientibus, ingeminare *Pril* et *Vril*, et alternatim sapiens, usque noctis ad horam profundioris inculcare non desisterunt.

Another bit of monastic drinking language is given a few pages before, where a man finds certain Cistercians merrily drinking:—talem provocationem ad bene potandum, Anglico more, necon et Anglice tanquam *Wessel* proponentes audiret:

"*Loke nu frere,*
"*Ha strong ordre is here.*"

Et responsionem hanc quasi loco *drinchel*:

"*The, la ful amis,*
"*Swide strong ordre is dhis,*"

cam capitis quoque non seria quidem sed tanquam irrisoria concusione. Quod et Latinis verbis sic exponi potest: "Vide frater quia fortis est hic ordo nimis;" et responsio: "Vere intolerabilis est hic ordo frater, et impotabilis."

This odd jumble of tongues shows, among other things, that the final *s* of the French plural was then clearly sounded.

In the fourth book of the *Speculum Ecclesie* Giraldus leaves the Cistercians, first of all to give an account of Rome, and then to go on to discourse on various ecclesiastical points, among them the appointment of bishops by temporal princes. This last subject brings in the legend of St. Wulstan at the tomb of the Confessor, which Giraldus tells after a fashion of his own which differs a good deal from the better-known version in *Æthelred of Rievaulx*, but which brings out the royal supremacy just as strongly as the other story. At Rome the account which Giraldus gives of the great basilicas is worth looking to. He mentions, among other things, the way in which the canons of St. Peter tried to upset the precedence of the mother and head of all churches:—

Harum autem v. principaliū et patriarchaliū ecclesiārū primam et praecipiū principaliūque fundatam ecclesiam esse constat Sancti Salvatoris Christi Iesu, Sancti Johannis Baptiste, necon et Sancti Johannis Evangeliste Lateranensem, que rationib[us] astrui potest et auctoritatibus multis; quamvis tamen alteratio[n]ibus variis et assertionibus, probabilitus

quidem et verisimilibus, cleris ecclesie Sancti Petri constanter obloqui videatur et oblatrare, suam præponere basilicam moliendo modis omnibus et enitendo.

But it was not only the canons of St. Peter's who made a "latratio" against St. John Lateran. Giraldus accepts a derivation of the last name which is hardly worthy of the earliest comparative philologer:—

Notandum hic autem quod Lateranum a latribus ranis vel latrabitibus quia in loco illo antiquitus, ut dicitur, palus erat ranis abundans, vocabulum accepit. Alii dicunt ut dictum est a latere leonis, quoniam urbs formam leonis prætendit, et palatium Constantini situm fuit in latere leonis, sicut et Capitolum a capite furtur denominatum esse, quasi in capite leonis situm.

A little way on he speaks of divisum in orbe dominium, præcipue post translatum ad Theutonicos et Boicarios, omine infasto, Romanum imperium.

Can "Boicarios" be the right text? Does it mean Bavarians, or whom? And what had Bavarians to do with the possession of the Empire before their own Lewis, more than a hundred years later than the last years of Giraldus? Here are many things, and there are many others, on which we could have wished that Mr. Brewer had found time to say a word or two. But if this means that Mr. Brewer is so busy with the days of Henry the Eighth that Henry the Second and his sons have gone out of his head, we will not complain. Henry the Second is in the very best keeping, even without Mr. Brewer's help. Henry the Eighth, till Mr. Brewer can get full possession of him, is in worse than no keeping at all.

PAPERS OF A CRITIC.*

THOSE of Mr. Dilke's critical papers which are selected for re-publication are chosen, as his editor informs us, not as his best, "though some of his best written articles are contained among them. The guide as to what to reprint and what to leave aside has been sought in asking the question not, 'Which are the best?' but 'Which are most asked for, and used?'" No doubt the selection in this respect has been a wise one; and whether the papers are Mr. Dilke's best or not, it would be difficult to point to writing better in its care and keenness than that which is here given. The greater part of the matter collected appeared in the *Athenæum*, and the sketch of Mr. Dilke's connexion with that paper found in the editor's memoir has much interest both for the picture which it affords of the strict rules which Mr. Dilke set up and maintained in the conduct of his duties, and for the little bits of correspondence from distinguished contributors which it contains. There are notes from Keats, Lamb, and Hood, and various references to literary events of the time, which may be curiously contrasted with the importance those events afterwards assumed. Allan Cunningham, for instance, says in one letter, "I send you Montgomery's new poem. He wishes for *justice*. But you must give *more*. You must be *merciful*. He is now suffering under the double misery of being over and under praised." In another he asks "Who is the author of that odd, queer, natural and unnatural book, *Contarini Fleming*?" The "natural and unnatural" points with great justice to a striking characteristic of Mr. Disraeli's book, in which true poetry and insight into character are marred by an extravagance of idea and diction which, however, are not without their own charm. But for what it professes to be, "a psychological romance," *Contarini Fleming* is, and is likely to remain, unrivalled. The necessity for what might otherwise seem the affected strictness of the principles which Mr. Dilke preserved in his editorial duties is shown by several instances, amongst others by a curious communication which Mr. Dilke received in 1840 from the editor of the *Official Journal of France*, who wrote "informing him that his name had been placed upon the free list, and begging Mr. Dilke to ask the English publishers for, and to send him, six English books which he needed." Among the correspondence published in the memoir there are several amusing scraps from Hood, one of which may be here quoted. He had been ordered by his doctor not to speak:—

The silent system did not answer at all. Jane and I made but a sorry game of our double dumbly, for the more signs I made the more she didn't understand them. For instance, when I telegraphed for my nightcap she thought I meant my head was swimming—and as for Mary, she knew no more of my signals than Admiral Villeneuve of Lord Nelson's. At last I did burst out, fortissimo, but there is nothing so hard as to *sneak in a whisper*. The truth is, I was bathing my feet, and wanted more hot water—but as the spout poured rather slowly, Mary, whipping off the lid of the kettle, was preparing to squash down a whole cataract of scalding. I was hasty I must confess; but perhaps Job himself would not have been patient if *his boils* had come out of a kettle.

Mr. Dilke's editing of the *Athenæum* practically ceased in 1846, when he became manager of the *Daily News*, which had then been started only three months, and remained such for the next three years; after which he retired into private life.

The articles on "Junius" were begun in 1848. In the first of these, which opens the second volume of the *Papers of a Critic*, and takes Mr. Britton's work upon "Junius" as a starting point, reference is made to Dr. Popham's having said to Mr. Britton that he believed Lord Shelburne, Counsellor Dunning, and Colonel

* *The Papers of a Critic*. Selected from the Writings of the late Charles Wentworth Dilke. With a Biographical Sketch by his Grandson, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P., Author of "Greater Britain," and of "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco." 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1875.

Barré to be either the authors of "Junius" or familiar with the writer:—

"On a certain day," says Mr. Britton, "when the clergyman and the three politicians only were present, Junius was not only noticed, but a certain attack on his writings, which had just attracted much attention, was freely discussed. On this occasion one of the party remarked, that it would be shown up and refuted by Junius in the next *Advertiser*. When the paper arrived the next day, instead of the Junius, there was a note by 'the Printer' stating that the letter would appear in the ensuing number. 'Henceforth,' said Dr. Popham, 'I was convinced that one of my three friends was Junius.'"

This, as to the question of authorship, has in itself, as Mr. Dilke points out, no greater weight than the story told to prove that "Junius" was Single-speech Hamilton, who one day told the Duke of Richmond the contents of a "Junius" letter, which he pretended just to have read in the *Public Advertiser*, but which, on reference to the paper, was not found there, "an apology instead of it being offered for its postponement till the next day, when the letter thus previously adverted to by Hamilton did actually make its appearance." Mr. Dilke goes on to point out that, if Barré were "Junius," and Lord Shelburne and Dunning knew it, they would not have dreamt of revealing to Dr. Popham a secret so jealously guarded from every one else. He further says:—"We must, therefore, believe that the Doctor misook a conjectural probability—a mere speculative opinion—for the assertion of a fact; and, in that case, the inferences would be all the other way." Something which has since appeared goes to show that, on Lord Shelburne's part at least, whatever was said was not a mere speculative opinion. In the preface to the first volume of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Shelburne* an account is given of a conversation held between Lord Shelburne, then Lord Lansdowne, only a week before he died, and Sir Richard Phillips, who told him that many people believed him to be the author of "Junius," and that the world at large was convinced he at least knew the author. Lord Lansdowne's answer was:—"No, no, I am not equal to Junius; I could not be the author; but the grounds of secrecy are now so far removed by death and changes of circumstances that it is unnecessary the author of Junius should much longer be unknown."

I knew Junius, and I knew all about the writing and production of those letters. . . . I'll tell you this for your guide generally. Junius has never yet been publicly named. None of the parties ever guessed that Junius was the true Junius. Nobody has ever suspected him. I knew him; and knew all about it, and I pledge myself, if these legs will permit me, to give you a pamphlet on the subject as soon as I feel myself equal to the labour." In reference to this statement of Lord Shelburne it is worth remarking that he died in 1805, thirteen years earlier than Francis, whose claims to the authorship of Junius are as much strengthened by the late Mr. Twisleton's work as damaged by the searching arguments of Mr. Dilke. It is unfortunate that Lord Shelburne was unable to carry out his intention of revealing the knowledge he possessed, which might have set at rest a controversy that can now hardly ever be finally determined. The *Papers of a Critic* are mainly occupied with the attempt to prove who was not "Junius." The writer's own opinion as to what rather than who he was may be gathered from a specimen of his notes quoted in the memoir at the beginning of the book. "Janus probably obscure man. New to writing for the press. Knows obscure press writers and their private habits." The one suggestion thrown out in the course of the *Papers* fixes upon Mason as the possible author, and is supported with much ingenuity by a setting forth of the agreement discovered in the views of "Junius" and of Mason. It is no doubt curious that the *Heroic Epistle*, which was Mason's, should have been said by Boyd to be the work of "Junius," and that Mason, writing in 1773, should observe:—"After all, we live in an age of miracles, that two such writers as he (the author of the *Heroic Epistle*) and Junius should keep themselves concealed." Many coincidences, more singular than this, are instanced in favour of the supposition that "Junius" might have been Mason; but the writer is careful to say it is only a supposition, and that he has formed no definite conclusion.

The "Junius" papers are followed by some upon Wilkes, whose character Mr. Dilke defends with great pains and considerable success from the obloquy which has been frequently cast upon it. Some of the best passages of Mr. Dilke's writing are found in these papers, which will be read with pleasure, however much the reader may differ from the writer's views of the character discussed. Mr. Dilke dwells upon the Duke of Grafton's verbal answer to Wilkes's letter of congratulation upon his coming into office, when he referred Wilkes to Lord Chatham, and goes on to say, "We have at times thought that this 'got nothing' must be the true explanation of the outcry against Wilkes while living, and with which his memory has been pursued. We must look for some exceptional cause, and in this only does he appear to have been the exceptional man—he got nothing." It may be hoped that Wilkes was exceptional in some other matters. Elsewhere Mr. Dilke says that, "seen in the dim twilight of the age, Wilkes was not a bad man." He observes, with truth, that Wilkes should not be discredited with all the blame of his disagreements with his wife, but he says nothing of Wilkes's subsequent conduct with regard to the annuity settled upon Mrs. Wilkes at the time of their separation. It is certainly interesting to compare Smollett's account of Wilkes, in his Continuation of Hume—"a man possessed of considerable talent and erudition, with an abundance of ready wit, but ruined in

fortune and disgraced by the most dissolute morals and profligate habits—a demagogue of scandalous character"—with a private letter to Wilkes, in which he says, "My warmest regard, affection, and attachment you have long ago secured. . . . That he (Mr. Wilkes) may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits, and proceed through life with a full sail of prosperity and reputation, is the wish, the hope, and the confident expectation of his much obliged, humble servant—T. Smollett." Mr. Dilke devotes some space to clearing Wilkes of the authorship of the *Essay on Woman*, and adduces a good deal to show that the real author was Potter, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The estimate of Wilkes's character given in the *Papers of a Critic* may seem too partial; but in an age when writers occupy themselves like the *chiffonniers* of Paris in rescuing something good and useful from heaps of garbage, there can certainly be no objection to having some of the dust cleared away from the memory of Wilkes.

Mr. Dilke's first volume is occupied chiefly with Pope, with regard to whom he exhibits much discrimination, extenuating but not denying his undoubted faults, while he completely refutes many unjust charges which have been brought against him. In the paper on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, one may note a passage upon the apology for Lady Bute's burning Lady Mary's diary. Lady Bute had noticed it had been "too much her custom to note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day without weighing their truth or even their probability; to record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character. In this age, she said, everything got into print, sooner or later." Upon this Mr. Dilke remarks:—

This is to us unsatisfactory: the "getting into print" is not quite a matter of course; and if it did happen some century after the death of the parties, no great mischief would result. Memoirs, however scandalous, are never historically or biographically worthless. "Mushrooms," naturalists tell us, have been known to lift stones of a ton weight; and we may be assured that anecdotes—mushrooms though they may be—often influence as well as indicate human character. Few are so self-sustained as to be above public opinion. After all, should an anecdote turn out to be high-coloured, or absolutely false, a little editorial alkali in a note would neutralize the acid of the text.

We can hardly agree that no great mischief would result even some centuries after the death of the persons; but we can sympathize with the writer's regret at the burning of Lady Mary's diary. Besides those which have been spoken of, the *Papers of a Critic* contain valuable discussions of subjects upon which there is not here room to dwell. It may be safely said that they will be found to possess considerable interest, and that readers will thank Sir Charles Dilke for collecting and editing the *Papers of a Critic*.

DANA'S CORALS AND CORAL ISLANDS.*

THE additions which Professor Dana has made to his work on Corals and Coral Islands, in preparing his second edition for the English public, have made it the fullest and most advanced repository of knowledge upon that interesting and still novel branch of natural history. Without sacrificing scientific precision, he has succeeded in presenting the subject in form intelligible to the ordinary reader, and in surrounding what might otherwise have been dry details and cumbrous technicalities with the charm with which a true lover as well as master of nature never fails to invest his theme. To the labours of those who have led the way, and to whom he fully acknowledges his obligations, he does justice in his prefatory observations. It will be seen at the same time that he is no mere compiler from the results of other men's research and observation, having himself had chief charge of the scientific corps under command of Admiral Wilkes in the United States Exploration of the Pacific from 1838 to 1842. The preliminary announcement of the great theory of coral-reef formation by Darwin came in happily to give a guiding light to the investigations awaiting the expedition. And of the fuller explanations since brought out by that great naturalist Professor Dana has not failed to avail himself, whilst adding new facts and scientific solutions in abundance from his own independent researches and from valuable works like those of Johnston, Hincks, and Gosse. The illustrations with which the book abounds are of great service, bringing vividly before the eye the variety and beauty of the manifold forms of coralline growth and structure, and imparting additional clearness to the writer's descriptions.

The popular mind has been all along under much misapprehension as to the nature and growth of corals, speculation or even superstition having largely held the place of facts. A special mystery has been supposed to attach to the domain and the functions of these minute "animalcules," as it was thought most fitting to designate the submarine workers. The use of such terms as polypary and polypidom sufficiently expresses the popular notion that each coral was the house or hive of a swarm of polyps, like the honeycomb of the bee, or the hillock of a colony of ants. Even now that the extended taste for natural history, and the general familiarity with the contents of aquariums, have made the more intelligent part of the public familiar with the commoner forms of polyp growth, there is no little difficulty in realizing the process whereby, through the agency of soft molluscous tissues,

* *Corals and Coral Islands*. By James D. Dana, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College, &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

which alone meet the eye, a substance of such hardness, and masses of such stupendous depth and volume, have been built up. There is however, after all, no greater mystery in a polyp forming structures of stone or carbonate of lime in continuous masses than in a quadruped forming its bones, or a mollusc or crustacean its shell. It is a simple case of secretion, and no more—a process among the first and most common of those which belong to living tissues; differing, indeed, in different organs in accordance with their end or function, yet essentially identical, whether in the animalcule or in man. It is most characteristic of the lowest kinds of life. Not that all polyps have equal powers of secretion, or that they can carry on their functions under all external conditions alike. But among them are found the greatest stone-makers. In their simplicity of structure they may be almost all stone, and still carry on the processes of nutrition and growth. Theirs has been the task throughout geological time of producing the material of limestones and marbles, consolidating under water the solid rocks which were one day to be upheaved and to form islands and continents for the abode and the study of man.

Mr. Dana's exhaustive treatment of his subject leads him to prepare the reader for the comprehension of the origin and distribution of reefs and islands by distinguishing between those organisms which have the secreting power and those which have not. Coral is never the handiwork of the many-armed polyps, these organs being no more concerned in the lime-secretion than our limbs or muscles are in bone-making; nor does coral partake of the nature of a cell into which the animal may withdraw itself like certain molluscs. Poets have drawn fancy pictures of the toil and skill put forth in the elaboration of coral masses, or of the shapeless worms which they conceive to writh and shrink in the process; but nothing can well be further from the actual formation of the *corallum*, as the coral skeleton is called, which is secreted among the tissues of the sides and lower parts, not the stomach or the tentacles of the polyp. To the compound mass produced by a process of budding analogous to that in vegetation, and consisting of several polyps with the corallum as their united secretion or base, the name of zoophyte has been generally attached, it being truly animal in nature, though plant-like in point of budding. As this term, however, conveys to many minds the idea of something between a plant and an animal, which is false, Professor Dana would substitute for it *zoosome*, from *ζωος*, "animal," and *σωματος*, "a heap," a term no less applicable to compound groups in other classes—e.g. Rhizopods, Bryozoa, and Ascidians.

Besides polyps, which are the most important of the coral-reef builders, there are three other classes of organisms which secrete corallum. These are the Hydroids, related to the little hydras of fresh waters, forming the very common and often large corals called millepores; the Bryozoa, or lowest tribe of molluscs, deriving their name from the delicate moss-like corals they secrete, no longer prominent as builders, but in Palaeozoic ages so abundant that some beds of limestone are half composed of them; and certain Algae or seaweeds, hardly distinguishable from true corals, save that they have neither cells nor pores. Each group is subjected to careful and minute classification by the author, the plentiful and beautifully defined wood-cuts greatly aiding the mind of the reader. Following in general the limits of tribe and species assigned by Professor Verrill, he gives reasons for diverging from them in some cases. He unites, for instance, both the non-coral making and the coral-making species into one grand division, that of the Actinoids, on the ground of the close resemblance of the polyps; and he also separates from the latter the Cyathophylloid corals, which differ from them in having the number of tentacles and interior septa multiples of four, a characteristic of the Alcyonoids, instead of six. In external aspect and in internal character all are essentially identical, the general type being that of the sea-anemone. In all alike the processes of life and death are for ever going on together *pari passu*, the coral secretions giving to the polyp a base whereon to mount upwards, lengthening itself at the top by the formation of fresh cells. It thus leaves the dead coralium behind as the upward growth proceeds, so that a polyp but the fourth of an inch long, or even shorter, is often found at the top of a stony stem many inches in height. In *Goniopora columnaria*, for example, the living part combines a vast number of living polyp-cells, growing and budding with rich exuberance, while below the old polyps have undergone the process of death, their cells retaining no distinction of surface, and blending into a uniform mass, disclosing, however, imbedded shells. Madrepores may branch into trees almost without limit, all below a slight distance from the summit being dead, this distance varying in different species; the dead coral below serving as an ever-rising basement of rock, often harder than ordinary limestone or marble, for the still expanding and rising zoosome. The large domes of *Astræas*, attaining, as they are said to do, a diameter of ten or fifteen feet, and alive over the whole surface, owing to a uniform and symmetrical mode of budding, are throughout the whole interior nothing but lifeless coral. Could the living mass which meets the eye be separated, it would form a hemispherical shell of polyps, in most species not more than half an inch thick. There is thus no limit to the possible growth of corals. The rising column or dome may increase upwards indefinitely until it reaches the surface of the sea, when death ensues from exposure to the air, and not from any failure in the powers of growth. If the land supporting the coral domes or trees goes on gradually sinking, the upward increment may proceed till

a thickness results of many thousand feet. Subsequent upheaval above the surface of the sea will result in mountain ranges of limestone or coral rag, which are known to have a thickness not much short of a mile.

The composition of coral forms an important part of Professor Dana's inquiry. Ordinary corals have a hardness a little above that of common limestone or marble, giving out a ringing sound when struck with a hammer. This may be owing, he considers, to the carbonate of lime being in the state of aragonite. It is a common mistake to suppose that coral, when first taken from its watery bed, is soft, and hardens through exposure. The live coral may feel somewhat slimy in the fingers, but if the animal matter be washed away it is found quite hard. Chemically the chief constituent of all is carbonate of lime, in the proportion of 95 to 98 parts in 100, with 1 to 4 parts of organic matter, and some earthy ingredients, such as phosphate of lime, with a trace of silica, amounting usually to less than 1 per cent. Forchhammer found 2.1 per cent. of magnesia in *Coralium rubrum*, and 6.36 in *Iris hippuris*. The sources of these constituents are the sea water and the ordinary food of the polyps, the processes of absorption, assimilation, and secretion going on in them as in all animal organisms. A zoophyte, be it kept in mind, is as much an animal as a cat or a dog is.

Since Mr. Darwin's luminous exposition of the origin and growth of coral reefs and atolls, nothing remained but to multiply illustrations of the working of this great primary law, besides collecting such facts as might further define the limit or local conditions of its action. Professor Dana's wide range of observation gives to his book its special value in regard to the causes which influence the growth and distribution of corals. These causes are most directly traceable in relation to latitude, to depth, and to local influences. Whether or not the coral-making polyps are organically distinguishable from others, it is abundantly clear that a certain minimum of temperature is essential to the formation of coral. Coral-building is confined to waters which through even the coldest months never sink below 68° F. A pair of isothermal lines crossing the ocean where this is the winter temperature of the sea, one north and another south of the equator, each bending in its course toward or from the equator wherever the marine currents change its position, will include all the growing reefs of the world, and the included area of waters may properly be called the coral-reef seas. This isocryme, or cold water line, of 68° F., is far from coincident with latitude. The author's chart shows at a glance the extent to which observation has thus far found it to range. It extends through mid-ocean in both the Atlantic and Pacific basins near the parallel of 28°, but varies greatly from this in the vicinity of continents, and accordingly affects to a corresponding degree the geographical distribution of reefs. This is of course but temporary extreme, the summer heats greatly raising the temperature. The mean for the year is about 73.5° in the North Pacific and 70° in the South, the summer mean being as high at least as 78° and 74°. Over all this area coral-reefs grow luxuriantly, but in the greatest variety and richness where the waters are hottest. A torrid and a sub-torrid region, as drawn out by Professor Dana, will be found to correspond closely with a marked difference in coral-growth. Not only, however, are the reef-building species separable generically from those of colder seas, but there are specific differences by no means to be accounted for between corals of seas identical in temperature. Thus not a single West Indian species occurs on the Panama coast, although on the Aspinwall side there are found nearly all the reef-building species of Florida, nor is any West Indian species known to be identical with any from the Pacific or Indian Ocean. While, therefore, temperature has much to do with the distribution of reefs in latitude, there are certain local peculiarities which are not thus to be accounted for.

Contrary to the notions of early navigators, who judged from finding coral-reefs at immense ocean depths, the growth of coral is now known to be limited to a very narrow depth of water. What their soundings brought up were specimens of deposits sunk long ago, and far below their living bed. The range within which the polyps live is nowhere found much to exceed twenty fathoms, whilst they die immediately on exposure at the surface. This may be taken as the limit of coral life. A further condition is the necessity of pure ocean water, mud or sediment being as fatal to the coral polyp as to the oyster. At the mouths of great rivers consequently they will be looked for in vain. A more remote cause must be sought for the absence of corals in certain areas where there are no mud-banks, volcanic action being almost certainly in some way concerned. That the effect of volcanoes in raising the temperature of the waters, or chemically affecting them, had been underrated by Mr. Darwin, was an opinion put forth by Professor Dana in the earlier edition of his book. In reply to this the question has been asked by Mr. Darwin, by what means could the heat or poisonous exhalations from a volcano affect the whole circumference of a large island? We are surprised to find this point, on which we dwelt in noticing Mr. Darwin's recent new edition, left here without further proof or illustration. The most important accessions of new matter relate to the extent and depth of ocean subsidence, as shown by the able observations of General Nelson upon the Bahamas, and those of Mr. Matthew Jones upon the Bermuda group, with correlative proofs of the like geological changes over the wide area of the Pacific. A great secular movement of the earth's crust may be inferred from these considerations, or rather the one local movement may be

taken to have balanced the other. A vast southern area, equal to one-quarter of the earth's circumference, sinking to the extent of perhaps ten thousand feet, must have caused a revolution in which the whole sphere of the earth must have been concerned. It accompanied, we may well believe, the immense upward movement of the North American continent preparatory to or during the great Ice epoch. This range of elevation and depression is not indeed great compared with the upheaval which the Rocky Mountains, the Andes, Alps, and Himalayas have each undergone since the close of the Cretaceous era or the early Tertiary. Even our own country shows signs of disturbance not far short of this, and boundless time must be allowed for the accumulation of the Pacific reefs and atolls, considering the depths to which the adjacent soundings bear witness. All seems to confirm the belief that the main continental outlines of land and water have remained the same throughout. Oceans have always been oceans. Yet from the configuration of the North American continent, combined with that of the adjacent reefs, it may be judged that the peninsula of Florida, Cuba, and the Bahamas were once part of a vast prolongation of the south-eastern angle of the continent, a submerged ridge being traceable between Florida and Cuba. The lonely Bermuda atoll confirms by its position the same deduction. The submerged coral banks on either side show that it is not wholly alone, but forms a sunmit in a long range of heights. So in the Indian Ocean the oceanic area was correspondingly affected by the coral island subsidence. As the islands or high lands sank beneath the sea, the corals built up their encircling walls. If the rate of subsidence kept up at all a corresponding pace with the coral-secretion, the resulting atoll ring rose up as a crown far above the sinking intermediate cone, standing up from the ocean floor a monument to mark the site of the buried islet. A rate of sinking exceeding five feet in a thousand years would, according to the estimate arrived at by the author, as well as by most competent calculators, have buried islands and reefs together in the ocean.

Coming nearer home, the most lively interest for us centres in the question, under what conditions of temperature and depth were built up the thick masses of coral which enter into the limestone system of the British islands, not to speak of the extensive Continental range of dolomite or magnesian carbonate of lime into which coral structure has been shown by analysts largely to enter. Did the isocryme of 68° extend as far as our Northern seas, some vast divergence or expansion of the equatorial current misnamed the Gulf Stream imparting the necessary heat to our sub-temperate seas? or did a hardier class of corals keep up life and work in these Northern latitudes? Beyond doubt a coral reef of the Astraea tribe, and wide madrepore deposits during part of the Oolitic era (middle Jurassic), bear witness to the active presence thus far north of zoophytes which are now only found at work in tropical or sub-tropical waters. Upon this suggestive and pregnant fact Professor Dana touches sufficiently to prove that he estimates aright its weight and the vast width of its bearing. We hope to see it pursued more fully, and studied with the same keenness of apprehension and the same patient elaboration of truth which characterize the work before us.

WAR IN BOSNIA IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

EUROPE is probably giving itself some rather needless anxiety about the new phase of the Eastern question which took the place of the Montenegrin frontier difficulty on the settlement of the latter. The proportions of the Herzegovina insurrection are thus far very limited. It began merely as a local protest against certain special taxes, which are not merely levied exclusively on the Christian rayahs, but largely added to by the rapacity of the collectors; and it has not spread over any part of Bosnia except that southern corner which hopes for aid from, or in case of defeat for escape into, the neighbouring free territory of Dalmatia and Montenegro. Yet it is important enough to cause diplomatic journeys and remonstrances, to supply infinite food for those modern bulletin writers, the concoctors of telegrams, and to draw from the Turkish Governor (who has the reputation of being the ablest of his class in the Empire), a proclamation in terms as grandiloquent and sweeping as those of Brunswick's manifesto on entering France to put down the Revolution. The insurrection will, we doubt not, be checked. It is quite clear that the foreign aid which had been vaguely reckoned on is not at present to be got. No answering movement has been made in the remoter parts of Bosnia itself, or of Bulgaria, much less in any of the other Turkish provinces. The disturbance will probably be quieted with no other serious effect than some local severities adding new bitterness to ancient grudges, a slight increase everywhere of the tension under which European Turkey normally exists, and a fresh proof of how crumbling and insecure is the hold of the Moslem over the mongrel population that lies contiguous to other branches of the Slav race lately set free.

This standing insecurity rests apparently mainly on the fact that the favoured Turkish subjects, who pay but three of the six taxes wrung from their Christian neighbours, are too insignificant in numbers to maintain the predominance of their religion, which, with the Government with which it is identified, is coming fast to depend on garrisons for its maintenance. But if one asks why the once

despised and outnumbered Christian rayah of Bosnia has become so formidable, the solution is difficult to arrive at. Of the population, variously estimated at from six hundred thousand to three times that number, which occupied the province in the first half of the last century, it is difficult to believe that the professing Mahomedans did not form a much larger proportion than now. Maltebrun makes only a third of the sixty thousand inhabitants of the capital, Serajewo (or Bosnia-Serai, as the Turks call it), to be Greeks; and at Banjaluka, a more commercial place, he gives the Christian families at less than one-half. Doubtless the ratio was even then much larger in the country districts. But where the Turks were numerically inferior, they were not only, as now (for in Bosnia the old law has not been touched), the only race legally capable of bearing arms, but were fortified with the still powerful prestige of an invading and conquering people whose career of triumph had not long been checked. Polygamy, vulgarly supposed to be the chief cause of all the ills of Turkey, will not help us here. It has never prevailed in the province; and the choice of a wife or husband is managed among the Bosnian Mahomedans very much with the same personal freedom as among the Greeks or Catholics. The true secret of the decay of the Moslem power has more probably been in the isolation that has kept the Turks apart from all the conquered races. This in Bosnia certainly has not been merely a matter of religion. The Turks there have never learnt that branch of the Servian tongue which the native Christians chiefly speak. In this they resemble, it may be said, the English in Ireland; but then the latter have had the skill to introduce their own as the general language of the country, and have long since thus begun that amalgamation of races which time is steadily completing, despite the natural struggle against absorption into a stronger nationality carried on from the time of Grattan to that of Mr. Butt, in the successively weaker phases of Independence, Repeal, Young Irelandism, Fenianism, and Home Rule.

Be this as it may, the fact is certain that things were very different indeed in Bosnia a hundred and forty years since. So far from hearing anything then of Christian movements for independence from within, when Omar Effendi, a native of the province, wrote the history before us of the war that ended in the peace of Belgrade in 1739 (collected and published by Ibrahim, a renegade who first introduced the printing-press in Turkey), the peasants of Bosnia are spoken of, in an interesting descriptive chapter which concludes it, in terms that evidently apply exclusively to the Mahomedans, the rayahs not being thought worthy of any separate mention in a Turk's account:—"Strong, courageous, ardent, lion-hearted, professionally fond of war, and revengeful; in battle they are stout-hearted; to high commands obedient and submissive as sheep; they are ready to sacrifice their lives on behalf of their religion and the Emperor (Sultan); this being an honour which the people of Bosnia have received as an inheritance from their forefathers (it had been Turkish then for three centuries), and which every parent bequeaths to his son at his death." Allowing for much rhetorical flourish (the author, among other things, declaring that his countrymen "commit no villany, and are never guilty of highway robbery"), we see here a picture of a compact and martial race placed in a frontier province, and full of readiness to come up to the national duties thus cast upon it. By reason of its vicinity to infidel nations, "the deceitful Germans, Hungarians, Serbs, the tribes of Croats, and the Venetians, strong and powerful, and furnished with abundance of cannon, muskets, and other weapons of destruction, it has had to carry on fierce wars from time to time with one or other, or more, of their enemies; enemies accustomed to mischief, inured to deeds of violence, resembling in asperity wild mountaineers"—the author here having possibly his robber neighbours of Montenegro in mind. But the full description (which we must greatly shorten) of the inhabitants of Bosnia as they then were—and here again the Turkish part must be taken for the whole—shows them not unfitted for the task laid on them. By far the greater part, we are told, but especially the warlike chiefs, in order to mount and dismount without inconvenience and walk with greater freedom, wear short closely-fitted garments. They wear the furs of the leopard and the wolf, with eagles' wings in their skin caps. Their weapons are the sword, javelin, axe, spear, pistols, and muskets. Their cavalry are swift, and their foot nimble and quick. They present a formidable appearance, and "never fail to inspire their enemies with a dread of their valour and heroism."

Such was certainly the case with them in the war of 1737-9, which began by the invasion of Bosnia by Austria under the Prince of Saxe-Hildburghausen, and ended in the recapture of Belgrade by Turkey, a prize which she retained, at least nominally, almost down to our own time. It is in vain, however, that we study the disconnected chapters of Omar Effendi for any scientific narrative of the events of the struggle, which was indeed but part of a larger one carried on throughout the Danubian countries between the two Empires which still divide them. The book is, in fact, chiefly a series of sketches of the exploits of the Turkish Vali, "Ali Pasha, the illustrious governor, prudent and skilful in affairs," and "the intrepid Mohammed," the most notable of the generals who carried on semi-independent operations under his orders. At first the Austrians met with some successes, and reduced the well-known strong place of Gradiska; but having sat down before the city of Banjaluka, then, as now, the most important in the province, they suffered themselves to be surprised by a skilful flank march of the Governor coming up to relieve it, and their complete defeat followed. Ali Pasha prepared the way for his victory by imitating unconsciously the practice of the Greek generals of old time, and

* *History of the War in Bosnia, 1737-9.* Translated from the Turkish by C. Fraser. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund; 1830.

making a set address to his troops. Or, as it is recorded by the Bosnian historian:—

He stepped forward to the front and delivered to them a speech suitable to the circumstances in which they were placed, saying, "Brother, this is a day of vengeance. This day I am as one of you, I am nothing more than a poor humble servant of God. This day is a day in which we are willingly to offer ourselves sacrifices in behalf of our great, illustrious, benevolent, merciful, native lord, the Ottoman emperor, under whose wings we have taken refuge, and in behalf also of our religion." In this way did the commander-in-chief prepare the minds of his orthodox army for meeting with patience and calmness the fierce battle and contest which was soon to ensue. After having animated and encouraged his troops, he returned to his place, whilst his camp presented a picture of glory and strength, of firmness and union.

The "execrated" enemy (he is seldom mentioned without a fitting epithet) did not discover that the Moslem army had crossed the river and got upon his flank until he saw it close at hand. Night came on and stayed the contest for a while. But next day "the pious and affectionate commander," Ali, having first descended from his horse to pray publicly before his men, led them on to what proved a crushing success. The Austrians before the place were either destroyed or driven to their bridges over the Save, many being cut off in the haste with which these were broken down by their divisions protecting the siege on the other bank. The Turks speedily repaired them, and overthrew the retreating army on the following day, inflicting further heavy losses on it. The account of the escape of the main body, the rearguard being no doubt thoroughly cut up, is so thoroughly characteristic a piece of Oriental writing that we transcribe it in full:—

During this pursuit, which continued for about three hours, many of them were killed, and many more were taken prisoners. So great was the extremity to which they were now reduced, that those who had escaped the sword supplicated with tears, saying: "Oh, if you know or acknowledge the God of the Ottomans—if you love your Mohammed, show us mercy!" The true believers, after perceiving this confession of guilt, and it being the peculiar province of the true religion to forgive injuries and show compassion to the unfortunate, restrained their hands, and permitted them to make the best of their way with impunity. The entire destruction of these enemies was fully in the power of the faithful, and it grieved them not a little afterwards that they did not utterly destroy them. The number of the enemy has been called in question, but according to the account given by the prisoners who were taken, the number that came against Banjaluka amounted to eighty thousand, with about twenty thousand German peasants, who followed the chances of war, with the view of possessing themselves of plunder taken from the Bosnian peasants.

We have dwelt on this action as the chief of the many described as fought by "the illustrious and victorious Governor, the cream and flower of felicity," and his lieutenants. Of course it is not necessary to believe, since statements of numbers, except in this one instance, are avoided, that the true believers, or "orthodox troops," were always largely outnumbered, as is implied, by "the execrated infidel wretches" whom they generally contrived to beat. What comes clearly out to a critical eye is that the Austrians on entering Bosnia took the particular plan which was most unfavourable to themselves, and most suitable to the Turkish ideas of fighting. They distributed their forces in five columns, which made as many separate invasions of different parts of the frontier, and so gave their foes full opportunity of exercising their natural genius for partisan warfare and surprises. Among other noteworthy details we find the Turks, notwithstanding their boasted superior hardihood, regularly going into winter quarters, and after they had driven the Austrians into their own territory, and ravaged much of this in pursuit, returning to Bosnia, "considering and examining affairs"—in plain words, taking things easily—"until the happy days of spring arrived which announced that the moment for active operations has now come." At the close of the second winter's rest, "the dignified Governor" received a special firman ordering him to co-operate in a general advance under the Grand Vizier against Belgrade. This advance, with its accompaniment of a regular pontoon train, a proof of the practical training the Turks had had in war, shall be our last extract:—

By the instrumentality of one Abdallah Schelevi, a man skilled in arts and sciences, which he had sucked in with his mother's milk, and one of the thousand artificers of Medina Serai,—by the instrumentality of this man, artificial portable bridges had been constructed, and were usually, as occasion required, carried in waggons. By means of these bridges, easily and quickly placed, the army crossed without difficulty the rivers and ravines; it had to pass on its way to Belgrade. They passed by Tzernick, crossed at Bucerdilin, and joined the royal camp, actively engaged under the command of his excellency the grand vizir in the siege of Belgrade.

The particulars of this great operation, lying away from Bosnia, are not given. Omar Efendi merely says that "when it pleased God to grant the favour of vanquishing the place, and forcing the enemy to make peace, permission was given to the army of Bosnia to return; which the Governor and army did," with which words this curious narrative closes, that description of Bosnia from which we have already quoted being added as a conclusion. But from history and description alike we gather plainly that the now much derided Turk in Europe was less than a century and a half ago a formidable enemy, with an intense and aggressive faith, and an almost arrogant assumption of his own military superiority over his infidel neighbours, who were only just beginning to get over their hereditary fear of the Moslem banner and the Moslem battle-cry.

His Majesty George IV. did many things more foolish than putting his name as patron to the Oriental Translation Fund of the Royal Asiatic Society. The Turks have indeed a natural taste for military history. An excellent account is said to have been already printed at Constantinople of their recent reconquest of

Yemen from the Arabs. And in this narrative, rescued from oblivion by the Fund in its early days, we have not only an account of a forgotten struggle which is in its way a real contribution to history, but a volume of great immediate interest for its vivid picture of a country which, containing still the same elements, and still forming the disputed frontier of opposed religions and races, is yet as changed for political purposes in the last century and a half as the Spain over which Alfonso and Don Carlos are squabbling is from the proud monarchy of Ferdinand and Isabella.

THE PHILIPPINES.*

THE different groups of islands situated in the Eastern Asiatic Archipelago have been unequally treated in the development of their natural resources. The Dutch, where they have succeeded the Portuguese, have contrived in a thrifty huckstering way to make profitable use of their tropical possessions. But the Spaniards in the Philippines, which they got as included in the Western hemisphere under the Pope's partition of the globe in 1493, seem not to have managed so well. Mr. Jagor, who fifteen years ago resided and travelled some time in Luzon, has since continued to study the reports of Spanish officials and German scientific inquiries concerning those islands. He has collected a large mass of details relating to their topography, physical structure, natural history, and ethnology, as well as their economic condition, and especially their defective administration. These matters will be new to most English readers, and will perhaps reward their perusal. But they should be warned that Mr. Jagor has a heavy hand for book-making. He crams us with clotched lumps of fact, like the host at dinner heaping too much on our plates at once. His translator's style, too, is cramped and warped by German idiosyncrasies. There is a certain obscurity, at first sight, in the main outlines of the author's statements, though in particulars he is terribly precise. Yet Mr. Jagor, in spite of all such faults in his method and manner, gives an abundance of rather interesting information for those who can digest it.

The Philippines, lying between five and twenty degrees north of the Equator, seven or eight hundred miles south-east of China, and openly commanding the Pacific Ocean, are in a more favourable position for commerce than either the Moluccas or Java. From the middle of the sixteenth century they became the emporium of a lucrative trade between China and Spanish America. The yearly voyage of a galleon from Manila to Acapulco, with silk and spices to exchange for silver, was proverbially the richest venture of that age. This traffic was destroyed by prohibitory laws, passed in the interest of mercantile and manufacturing monopolists in Spain. After the English conquest of Manila, soon followed by its restitution, in the early years of George III.'s reign, attempts were made by the Spaniards, but with very ill success, to revive its commercial prosperity. Their failure is probably due to a narrow and niggardly fiscal system, and to the restrictions or impositions on foreign shipping. In this respect, however, a great reform was effected in 1869, which now promises beneficial results. But the Philippines have suffered even more grievously from the neglect or positive discouragement of their own industrial capabilities. Instead of giving up the country to colonial planters, the Spanish Government has preferred giving up the native population, in temporal as well as in religious affairs, to the rule of parochial priests. Neither in the moral nor in the material conditions of the poor islanders does this policy appear to have been justified by its effects. Mr. Jagor's testimony is the more worthy of acceptance as he regards the creed and ritual of the Roman Catholic Church with placid toleration, and rather likes the hospitable Spanish clergy. He only regrets the lack of those social and legislative or official influences which should have trained and bound together the various races and classes of people in the healthy and vigorous pursuit of secular welfare.

The islands visited and described by Mr. Jagor do not all belong to the Philippine group, but Luzon is one, the large northern island, which contains the metropolitan city and seaport of Manila, and so are the two small eastward islands of Samar and Leyte. He did not go to Mindanao, the southern large island, which is partly inhabited by wild "Moros" or Mohammedan tribes never yet subdued to Spanish allegiance. During nearly eighteen months from March 1859 he was actively making trips by land and water, on horseback or on foot, or in rude carriages, or in river and coasting boats, about the southern and eastern provinces of Luzon. This country he surveyed at leisure, crossing its lakes and climbing its mountains, and ending with a cruise on the further shores of the two neighbouring isles just named. He diligently observed and recorded, as a competent naturalist, the botany, the geology, and the diverse species of animal life in the Philippines, and made collections for the museums of Europe. With different classes of the inhabitants he associated in a friendly spirit of inquisitiveness, and was generally well received. He seems to be accurately informed with reference to the statistics of agriculture and commerce, and the political situation of the colony. The single word "laziness," we regret to say, would sum up almost the whole practical result in these departments. It is accompanied by that selfish jealousy of effort on the part of others which indolent people are apt to betray. Few countries in the world, how-

* *Travels in the Philippines.* By F. Jagor. London: Chapman & Hall.

ever, seem to possess greater natural advantages. The deeply indented coasts, the numerous and convenient harbours, and the sheltered passages by straits between the several islands, should have invited brisk navigation. Still more remarkable are the facilities which the many rivers, creeks, and broad estuaries, open-mouthed to the sea, often connected with large inland lakes, afford to interior traffic. The land is mountainous, but extensive districts have a fertile soil, and there is abundance of mineral wealth. The climate, with its south-west monsoons in our summer-time, and its north-east monsoons during our winter, has a great deal of wet, and the sky is seldom entirely cloudless. These islands grow such cacao, coffee, and tobacco, as, with care, would be equal to the best of tropical America or the West Indies. They also produce sugar, which might be raised of a better quality than has yet been cultivated. The abaca, or Manilla hemp, is a very useful commodity; and much is to be done here, as elsewhere, with the products of the coco-palm. The aggregate population of all the Philippines is estimated at five millions. Within the provinces of Luzon, traversed by our author—namely, Manilla, Bulacan, Laguna, and Batangas, to the west, Albay, Tayabas, North and South Camarines, to the opposite extremity of its southern region, the preponderating native race is Tagalo. Next comes the Bicol, and in Samar and Leyte, the Bisaya, which last race prevails in other islands. As might be expected from their nearness to the European capital, greater progress in civilization appears among the Tagaloes than among the Bisayans, whose bodily and mental powers seem also to be weaker. These "Indians," as they are vaguely called, submissively obey the Christian priests resident in their villages, but distrust the lay officials and private adventurers from Spain. The half-castes and Creoles here, as in Cuba, have often shown themselves disaffected towards the rule of the European kingdom. The latest military insurrection at Manilla, in January 1872, was suppressed and punished with sanguinary vengeance.

It is one of the gravest faults of the Spanish policy, in Mr. Jagor's view, to have sedulously fostered a mutual ill-will between different sections of the community, on the *divide et impera* principle of old-world statecraft. That system does not seem to pay, at least in an economic point of view. It is probable that the subjects of Spain in the isles named after Philip II., if they had been frankly and fairly dealt with, might now be sending her a larger contribution of revenue. The Manilla tobacco monopoly, guarded by mischievous restrictions, and maintained by more oppressive exactions of forced labour, has become a declining source of income. Its net profit is estimated by Mr. Jagor, after deducting the expenses on this account, at 1,367,000 dollars yearly; but the estimate given by the British Consul in 1867 was nearly four million dollars. The worst of it is, that the Government has fallen into arrear of its payments due to the wretched peasants for crops already raised, to say nothing of advances in aid of future cultivation. The total abolition of this monopoly is now earnestly recommended; but this is an operation perhaps too difficult for a Spanish Minister of Finance, who scarcely ever stays two or three months in office. Some disposition has indeed been shown, of late years, by the Colonial Government to encourage the planting of large estates for hemp, sugar, and other kinds of culture. Foreign capitalists, however, still find too many artificial obstacles in their way, both as planters and as miners; and the immigration of Chinese labourers, though most expedient on account of the Indians' dislike of regular work, is yet violently opposed by the clergy. It is suggestive of serious reflection, that we have evidence of greater industry and ingenuity among the natives of the Philippines before they were known to Europeans. Large collections have been made of brown glazed pottery, urns, vases, and teapots, dug up in Luzon; and though it is considered to be of Chinese or Japanese manufacture, the natives in a remote age must have earned wherewith to buy it. The Ygorrites, a race of pagan mountaineers on the slopes of the Yriga, who are supposed to be of mixed Indian and Chinese breed, have from time immemorial practised the arts of copper-mining, of smelting, and of smith's work in that metal, as here precisely described. The same people in these days are half-naked savages. It is the opinion of Mr. Crawford that, before their intercourse with the Malays, which of course preceded the arrival of the Spaniards, the natives of these islands had no corn or grain, and no domestic animals. But they had learnt to use copper, iron, and gold, and to weave cloth of different vegetable fibres. The Spaniards have introduced the horse, the ox, and the sheep, and many valuable products of the West Indies. That is something; yet it might have been possible in the course of three centuries to develop a higher state of social civilization under the rule of European masters.

The native population, however, does not seem to be harshly treated by the Government, except where subject to the regulations for the growing of tobacco. They pay only a small poll-tax, amounting to little above two dollars for each family; and the men have to perform some not very onerous public services in road-mending or police attendance. It is probably to the influence of their ecclesiastical pastors, whose power more than counterbalances that of the colonial administration, that the Indians are indebted for a life generally almost too easy; and this indulged condition, with a relaxing climate and plenty of cheap food, has spoilt the supply of labour for the capitalist planter. Mr. Jagor looks for a remedy to some undefined American or British intervention, not political, but in the way of mercantile and industrial enterprise. This is his final

anticipation, seeing that we and the United States, from Australia and from California, have lately spread the interlacing lines of traffic across the Pacific Ocean. We do not know as yet whether those lines will speedily touch the Philippines, and electrify their now sleepy existence. Gold is there, which has hitherto been procured only in the rude fashion of our own colonial diggers above twenty years ago. Copper, to the miner a not less remunerative ore, is equally abundant in those islands. Here is metal sufficiently attractive to modern adventurers, but we should hesitate to recommend the investment of English capital in such undertakings.

Apart from these topics of economic or of colonial progress, the natural aspects, especially those of volcanic formation, described by Mr. Jagor are worthy of remark. In the neighbourhood of Tibi, east of the great Yriga volcano, hot springs like those of Iceland and New Zealand, or those of the Yellowstone Lake in North America, have deposited silicious incrustations displaying beautiful varieties of form and colour. These are enumerated as "shallow cones with cylindrical summits, pyramidal flights of steps, round basins with ribbed margins, and ponds of boiling water." They seem, therefore, to resemble in most respects the phenomena lately illustrated by Mr. D. L. Mundy and Dr. Hochstetter at Rotomahana, in New Zealand. Mr. Jagor's sketches, as engraved for the present volume, are more quaint than artistic, and do not give an adequate notion of anything grand. He ascended the volcano of Mayon, in Albay, and looked from the edge of the summit-crater into a sulphurous cloud of steam and gas which could not long be endured. The ascent of the Yriga and Mazaraga, which he likewise performed, was not more interesting from anything he could see at the top. A curious thing which he noticed about the Batu Lake was the surrounding belt of tangled and matted aquatic weeds, nearly a hundred feet broad, left by the subsiding water. He admired the lovely coral beds at Cathalogan, a submarine fairy garden inhabited by the most beautiful zoophytes, which have the forms and hues of blooming flowers. In the narrow strait, too, between Samar and Leyte, he was delighted with the rocks of marble or white limestone projecting into the sea, having their dome-shaped summits thickly covered with luxuriant vegetation. This scene of enchantment, beheld on entering a tranquil place of refuge from the rough billows of the outer sea, has made a superstitious impression on the native mind. It was regarded as the abode of superhuman spirits, and the heroic ancestors of the Pintado chieftains were laid to their sepulchral rest in the caverns of this haunted shore. A zealous Spanish priest, some thirty years ago, stormed the place with crosses, banners, reliques, and holy water, drove out those pagan spirits, and destroyed the tombs of the dead.

ARS PASTORIA.*

THE ideal and the real in parochial life are very strongly contrasted. In most of those things which are privileged to have a real and an ideal—marriage, for example—the ideal fades away and soon ceases to exist, or at least becomes invisible before stern reality. It is not so in the parish. The sentimental side of the parson's life which was discovered by Herbert, described by Goldsmith, fostered by Young, Gray, Wordsworth, and many more since, exists in the presence of the stern reality. There is poetry in his work as well as poverty. There are tears as well as tithes. Just as there are two churchwardens, one of whom always sides with the rector and the other against him, so there are two aspects of almost every question which can come before him as the parish priest. He may prefer one or the other. But whether he takes the more material and practical view of his work, or endeavours to teach only and leave others to act, there is always a large mixture of the purely intellectual in his duties, and he is often the only representative in the parish of any theory of life that is not absolutely sordid, selfish, and commonplace. It is not his spiritual office alone. It is not alone that he is bound to comfort the sorrowful and support the dying. His connexion with the church, with the actual building itself, has a great deal to do with this ideal. There are few Englishmen whose attachment to some church does not survive longer than any other mere sentiment. Dissenters who have hated the Church all their lives would yet be buried under its shadow. They scorn its rites, and hardly ever enter its walls, yet it is their parish church. They have heard its bells from their infancy. Their fathers have worshipped in it, or refused to worship in it, since England was. Heresy and schism, dissent and change, have left nothing as it was when the church was built, but the church itself remains. In country places this sentiment is very strong. It has seldom, except in large manufacturing districts, had time to gather about a meeting-house. The idea of home is closely bound up with it. Coleridge has left no lines more popular than those in which his *Ancient Mariner* rejoices to "walk together to the kirk with a goodly company." To an Englishman there is music even in the rough and tuneless jangle of the Sunday bells. In distant lands he longs again to hear them. And the church in which for so many centuries his forefathers have worshipped, whose aisles in so many places are paved with their tombstones, the quiet churchyard with its ancient yews, even the high dark pews and the half-defaced monuments, are sacred in his eyes; unconsciously perhaps he loves them, and they

* *Ars Pustoria*. By Franz Parnell, M.A., Rector of Oxead, Rivingtons. 1875.

stand to him for poetry—the only element of poetry, often, in a life which is made up of one monotonous round of labour. The parish clergyman, as the parson, or embodiment of this feeling, has therefore a power and an influence which many times is missed altogether or else misused. But he stands, or should stand, among his people as a visible and tangible remembrancer of something higher and better than the mere animal life around him. If he use his influence aright it may be to his people a thing of incalculable value; while, if he use it wrongly, he deprives them of the single chance which many of them can ever meet of being raised above the sadly serious business of bread-winning, of eating and drinking, and making money. He is the sole representative, oftentimes, not only of religion, but of cultivation, of education, and of intellectual, as opposed to mere animal, life.

That Mr. Parnell, as a parish parson in the country, should have endeavoured to lay down rules for an *Ars Pastoria*, and that his rules, if they are those which a good parish parson may already have followed unconsciously, should be for the most part commonplace and even trite, is not surprising. Too often the duty of a clergyman busies him about the infinitely little and unimportant. He has no need for the calls of ambition to spur him to his work. He can only do his duty, and the less obtrusively the better. That the history of his parish while under his care should present as few features as possible; that he should endeavour to keep things going without interruption or disturbance; that he should avoid meddling, yet be on the spot when he is wanted; that, while he must live by a high standard himself, he must not be intolerant of those who live by a lower one—all these rules may be put on record, but nothing can add to their obvious force. Yet Mr. Parnell does not content himself with such rules. He goes much further, and prescribes much that is wholesome, both as to the clergyman's private life and as to the duty of keeping his mind well stored "by good books, by good newspapers, by travelling, and by corresponding with wise friends" beyond the limits of the parish. He gives a list of the books to which every day he endeavours to give a portion of his time. It is not long, comprising something less than a score of volumes. But if he can persuade his fellow-clergymen to read daily a little of Bacon or Montaigne, of Goethe or Marcus Aurelius, he will do much for the relief both of priest and people. He fears, he says, that when a clergyman stops long in a place, especially in a country parish, he will acquire a tendency towards narrowness, and will shrink into a small local habit of thought. But it is to be feared that his counsel to avoid such a tendency will fall flat with too many of his readers, and that not even the daily study of Horace or Dante will suffice to counteract it. All persons cannot afford to travel. To many the boundaries of the parish are month after month, nay, year after year, hardly passed. And his advice to avoid discontent with the place in which work is laid, excellent as it is, cannot always be followed without difficulty. The monotonous round of pastoral work, which seems never to be done, always beginning, and which seldom shows signs of success, is disheartening even to the most cheerful. When Mr. Parnell tells the clergyman to take care of his health, to get a four-mile walk every day, to bathe his eyes with cold water, "and take a turn with dumb-bells of 5 lb. weight every evening," he offers an excellent prescription, but one which many may not be able to follow, any more than his advice to "take holidays now and then, and throw off the clergyman." He says at the outset that "for the right management of a parish there are twelve requisites," and he goes into the reasons for several of them at some length. They are uprightness, unselfishness, ability, good manners, justice, perseverance, decision, tolerance, conciliation, indifference to popular opinion, concentration, and good temper. But it may be added by way of corollary that the parson in whom all these qualities are present and abound need not read the rest of the book. He will be thoroughly furnished for his walk in life.

Mr. Parnell's remarks about preaching—"hints," he calls them, "on sermons"—strike us as exceedingly good. Would that they were often followed! Lucky is the parishioner that sits under a parson who does not argue in the pulpit; who does not preach too long sermons, nor draw out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument; who is "not a disconsolate preacher"; who does "not expound two doctrines in one sermon, nor even two views of one doctrine"; who thinks first of making his meaning clear, and afterwards of his style, be it rugged or ornate. There is nothing in England more strange than the number of poor sermons preached weekly, except perhaps the patience of the hearers. But it so often happens that the dullest preachers are the best visitors, the best managers, the kindest and most fathfully of ghostly comforters, that people never think of finding fault with a country parson only for being a poor preacher:—

Hi mihi doctores semper placuere, docenda
Qui faciunt, plusquam qui facienda docent.

But no rules will suffice for the guidance of the parish clergyman who wants tact. Nor can Mr. Parnell provide his brethren with rules for every case which may arise in the ordinary life of a country village. A kind of clerical Law Library, a "Statutes at Large," a Chitty's "Index to all Reported Cases, Statutes, and General Orders," would not be enough. What is he to do when old Betty refuses to go into the Union because she knows that as long as she holds to her roofless cottage the parson will support her? or when Mrs. Brown refuses to pay the pence for the schooling of her fifteen children, while Mrs. Gray refuses to send her

children at all? or when the blacksmith, having promised to come to church, redeems his promise by coming drunk? or when the schoolmaster, who can but just hammer out a psalm tune on the harmonium, is offended because some great London performer is asked to play a voluntary? Such cases as these frequently arise, and others of still greater difficulty. The parson is most sorely exercised when the upper classes of his parish set a bad example to the lower. How can he lecture Joseph Styles for wishing to marry his deceased wife's sister when everybody knows that the Squire eloped lately with the pupil-teacher? How can he justify the ways of the magistrates to his flock when John Doe gets six weeks for half killing his wife, while Richard Roe gets six months for catching a hare? These are small matters in which the tact of the rector is tried, and while we thank Mr. Parnell for a little book which may be useful to some, and especially to young incumbents, we feel sure he will acknowledge, and all the more willingly as his own experience increases, that the "Ars Pastoria" is not to be acquired from books.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF MENCIUS.*

AS the Vedas are to Sanskrit literature, and as our Scriptures are to Hebrew literature, so are the Nine Classics to Chinese literature. They are the foundation of the political and social life of China, and by them are the opinions and beliefs of the people moulded and developed. The principles they contain have been held up to admiration by Chinese scholars for more than twice ten centuries, and their style has been eulogized by the same authorities as being the perfection of what literary composition should be. From a Chinaman's point of view this estimation of their value is correct enough. Cut off from the rest of the world, and knowing nothing of the literature of any country but his own, he has nothing with which to compare the works of his countrymen, and naturally therefore looks on the best of these as being specimens of supreme excellence. But in the judgment of foreign readers acquainted with the wisdom of Christianity, the subtle and searching metaphysics of ancient Greece and modern Europe, and accustomed to the varied richness of thought and the eloquent and graceful diction of the writers of the Western world, both old and new, they must assume a less exalted position. There is much both in the nature of the Chinese language and in the tone of the national mind to check intellectual enterprise, and to render literary periods somewhat stiff and angular. We miss, therefore, in the writings of their philosophies the far-reaching speculations and searchings after truth which we are accustomed to meet with in the works of such authors as Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, or Mill; nor do we find in the historical and poetical books that brilliancy of diction and wealth of metaphor which add zest to our study of many of the productions of the historians and poets of European countries. But it is difficult to make comparisons with that which is unique, and there is much in the circumstances and surroundings attending the authors of the Nine Classics which raises their writings above the relative position in which they should be placed, were they capable of being weighed in the balance with the best philosophical and literary works of other lands.

If, however, there were nothing more interesting about them than the fact that they have for many centuries exercised an unlimited influence over the minds of millions of men, they would be well worthy of study. But they have other claims on our attention. To the students of the history of the primitive races of mankind and of political ethics their pages contain much that is new and interesting, and their translation as a series into English is likely to prove a great boon to European readers. Dr. Legge has already brought out translations, accompanied by the original texts, of seven out of the Nine Classics, and the work before us is the second volume of a popular edition of those already published. The first volume contained the Life and Teachings of Confucius, and the present one is devoted to the Life and Works of Mencius, who, as a philosopher and teacher, occupies a place in the theocracy of China second only to Confucius. Of the events of his life we know very little. It is believed that he was born about the year 371 B.C. His father died when he was quite young, and he was thus left to the care of his mother, who, according to tradition, is said to have possessed all the best qualities of a woman. Thrice she changed her residence on account of her son; once in consequence of his imitating the sacrificial ceremonies performed at the tombs near her house, and another time when his mimicking propensity tempted him to pick up the higgling tricks of the salesmen in the neighbouring market. At last she settled close to a public school, and then, to her delight, the youthful sage, taking the scholars as his model, learnt to practise the various exercises of politeness which they were taught. "This," said his mother, "is the proper place for my son." Legend says that in his early years he sat at the feet of Tsze-sze, the grandson of Confucius; but since, as Dr. Legge points out, Tsze-sze would have been at least one hundred and twelve years old when Mencius was born, legend is in this case, as usual, an unsafe guide. "Although," he writes us, "I could not be a disciple of Confucius myself, I have endeavoured to cultivate my virtue by means of others who were." This, if it were to be taken literally, is as little to be relied upon as the former statement, but he probably meant that he had studied

* *The Life and Works of Mencius. With Essays and Notes. By James Legge, D.D., LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.*

under one who was an ardent follower of the doctrines of Confucius. That such was the case every action of his after life is sufficient to prove. Like his great predecessor, he began his career as a teacher of wisdom. In this capacity he collected a band of faithful disciples, with whom, when his fame spread abroad, he moved to the Court of the State of Tse, where he established himself as guide, philosopher, and friend to the King. For some time he seems to have held a firm hold of office, though not always by the most creditable means. "I am fond of beauty," said the King on one occasion, in reply to some political advice offered by the sage, "and that is in the way of my attaining to the royal government which you celebrate." "Not at all," said Mencius. "Gratify yourself, only do not let your doing so interfere with the people's getting similar enjoyment for themselves." But when his own dignity was assailed, he showed a very stern front to his patron, and after one or two severe passages of arms on this score, we find him leaving Tse followed by his disciples, and taking up at the Court of Tang a post similar to the one he had just resigned. Here, however, his residence was but a short one, and, after a sojourn at the Court of King Hwuy of Leang, he returned once more to Tse. But after a while his remonstrances became unpalatable to the sovereign, and later we hear of him at intervals and for short periods at the Courts of Sung and Loo. Finally, he retired into private life and spent the last twenty years of his existence "among the more congenial society of his disciples, discoursing to them, and compiling the works which have survived as his memorial to the present day."

These incidents in the life of Mencius point to the leading characteristic of his teaching as well as of that of Confucius. Unlike all other teachers that the world has seen, these two philosophers chose the courts of kings as their schoolrooms, and instead of searching into the mysteries of man and his relation to nature, the whence he came from and the whither he is going, they devoted themselves to the science of government, and to the study of man as a ruler and as a subject. Adopting the plan of inculcating virtue into the masses through their rulers, they did not concern themselves much as to the duties and responsibilities existing between man and man; but taught that it was only necessary that the sovereign should be virtuous, righteous, and just, to ensure the prevalence of the same qualities throughout the State. Confucius boasted that, if a king were to employ him, he would achieve something considerable in twelve months, and in the course of three years the government would be perfected; but, as Dr. Legge remarks, his follower Mencius had a fair field at the Court of Tang, but seems to have failed to have made good the promise of his predecessor. Far, however, from this being a matter of surprise, it only excites one's wonder that he should have achieved as much as he did, when the deadness of his system is remembered. There is no real life in it, and instead of quickening by his touch the dry bones of tradition which lay ready to his hand, he left them as dry as he found them. Mere trite exhortations to the practice of virtue, without the suggestion of any motive for adopting such conduct, form the staple of his discourses. "The richest fruit of love," he says in one passage, "is this—the service of one's parents; the richest fruit of righteousness is this—the obeying one's eldest brothers; the richest fruit of wisdom is this—the knowing these two things, and not departing from them; the richest fruit of propriety is this—the ordering and adorning those two things." There is a painfully Talmudic air about this, and his teaching generally partakes of the same cold and dead morality. The nature of man, he held, was originally good, and it was in the power of every one by practising virtue and following righteousness to become a sage, or, on the other hand, to lose all claim to honour by yielding to the surrounding temptations of the world. This belief appears, by a seeming inconsistency, to be in no way modified by a faith which he sometimes expressed in the existence of an overruling Providence. But nothing that he taught touches the inner life of man. Let the ruler rectify himself, and let him strive to enrich and educate the people, then will his kingdom be established, and virtue will prevail throughout the land; such was the sum and substance of his philosophy.

But while it must be acknowledged that Mencius's general system was defective, there is much to admire in his astuteness and power both of observation and argument. His views on the division of labour were well defined and were powerfully set forth in a conversation with a friend who had been much taken with the doctrines of a dreamy speculator named Heu, who held that magistrates should be labouring men, and that sovereign should grow his own rice and cook his own meals. To him Mencius:—"Heu, I suppose, sows grain and eats the produce." "Yes," was the reply. "I suppose he also weaves cloth, and wears his own manufacture." "No; he wears clothes of hair-cloth." "Does he wear a cap?" "Yes." "Is it woven by himself?" "No; he gets it in exchange for grain." "Why does he not weave it himself?" "That would be injurious to his husbandry." "Does he cook his food with boilers and earthenware pans, and plough with an iron share?" "Yes." "Does he make them himself?" "No; he gets them in exchange for grain." Then said Mencius, "The getting such articles in exchange for grain is not oppressive to the potter and founder; and are the potter and founder oppressive to the husbandman when they give him their various articles in exchange for grain?" "Some," he added, "labour with their minds and some labour with their strength. Those who labour with their minds govern, and those who labour with their strength are governed. Those

who are governed support those who govern, and these are supported by them." On the doctrine of the divine right of kings his opinion was equally decided. The people, he held, were the most important element in a State, and the sovereign the lightest. If, then, the government of a ruler were injurious to the country, he should be dethroned, and, if necessary, should be made to forfeit his life. "Was it so," asked King Seuen, "that T'ang banished Keeh, and that Woo smote King Chow?" "It is so in the records," replied Mencius. "May a Minister then put his sovereign to death?" asked the King. "He who outrages the benevolence proper to his nature," answered the philosopher, "is called a robber; he who outrages righteousness is called a ruffian. The robber and the ruffian we call a mere fellow. I have heard of the cutting off of the fellow Chow, but I have not heard his case spoken of as that of putting a ruler to death." This and similar utterances have caused his teachings to be looked upon with somewhat less favour than that with which those of the more cautious Confucius have ever been regarded; and for a short season, at the beginning of the Ming Dynasty (1372), his Tablet was, in consequence of this boldness, degraded from its place in the temples of Confucius. But his memory was speedily restored to favour, and he now holds the same position in the public estimation which, with the exception of the short interval just referred to, he has occupied for two-and-twenty centuries.

The style of his writings is, as is the case with all the Classics, extremely concise; and since many of his arguments are such as it is difficult to follow, the addition of commentaries, notes, and explanations is absolutely necessary for the elucidation of the text. Fortunately the best native scholars have left on record their views in full on every paragraph and almost every sentence of his work, and after a careful sifting of these Dr. Legge has appended a selection to his translation of the text, accompanied by expressions of his own opinions, and on the subject in hand no one is better entitled to a hearing than he is. His introductory chapters on the text, on the life and opinions of Mencius, and on the doctrines of Yang Choo and Mih Teih which were combated by Mencius, are elaborate essays, full of information, and abounding in just and vigorous criticism. The work is thus as far as possible complete, and English readers have now for the first time a full opportunity of becoming acquainted with the doctrines and teaching of "the sage, Mang-tsze."

A LOSING HAZARD.*

IT is a matter of very little moment to any one but the critic whether the author of such a story as this is a man or a woman. And to him, indeed, it only matters in so far as in speaking of the writer it is convenient at times to use either "he" or "she." The name Courteney Grant, which we find on the title-page, sounds like a man's, but ever since in christenings fashion has deserted the saints, names are no longer a safe guide. The style in which the book is written, and the wild absurdity of the plot, incline us to the belief that it is a woman's work. Nevertheless, as the author seems to wish to pass as a man, we shall assume that a man he is. He, then, has written his story in two volumes, and so far he is entitled to praise. Had he written it in one volume, he would have been entitled to more praise. Had he not written it at all, he would have been entitled to most praise. We can never admire enough the old lady in Roman history who burnt her volumes one-third at a time; had she not stopped short in her good work, but had burnt the last third as well as the other two, her name would have deserved to rank high in the annals of literature. We should be content for the present if we could send every author twice back, and make him bring but one volume out of three that he writes. However, we must not forget that *A Losing Hazard* is, as we have said, in two volumes, when there was no reason on earth that we could see why it should not be in three.

The plot opens in a simple enough way, though later on it gets very complicated. Baron Roeland von Franckenburg, a Dutchman, is, at the beginning of the story, in love with Lisa van Hovenhaar, who is in love with George Randolph, who is in love with Clara Vincent, who, in her turn, is in love with Baron Roeland van Franckenburg. Randolph, who is an English engineer, engaged in draining one of the Dutch Meers, is joined by an old friend, Guy Travers. Guy happily falls in love with nobody, but, to his own disgust and to the disgust of everybody, he finds that he has in this little out-of-the-way village one of those nuisances—a long-lost elder half-brother. There was not, indeed, much property for either to inherit, as Guy's father, an old English squire, had got ruined by the failure of a bank. But the elder brother began by being a mystery, and ended by being a scoundrel, and a poor scoundrel into the bargain. The father, the squire, had never owned to the marriage with his mother, and the boy had run away from home before Guy's birth, so that the two brothers were not known to each other. The elder practised as a doctor under the name of Saltichus. He was not a Dutchman it was clear, and everybody except the reader, who, so far as our experience goes, does not care a rush about him, is eager to know why he had settled in a small village in Holland. Guy at once took a dislike to him. "He felt one of those senseless feelings of prejudice run through him that so often influence people afterwards, and are so

* *A Losing Hazard*. By Courteney Grant, Author of "Little Lady Lorraine." 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1875.

hard to overcome." In stories they never are overcome, as every one knows. They are a far surer indication of a villain than the braying of an ass or the screaming of a peacock is of wet weather. Later on in the story the two men were talking about a piece of heather when "their eyes met for one moment, and the old senseless feeling of fear and hatred came over Guy that he had experienced on the very first day that he met him." This feeling of hatred was highly improper in so good a man as Guy, for already "the horrible suspicion had crossed his brain that he was his half-brother."

Saltichus took a strange interest in a poor woman named Jane Lord, who was every day, though without any reason, expecting the return of her husband from sea, after an absence of five years or so. She happened, by a strange chance, to be at the same out-of-the-way spot in Holland. The explanation of the interest that he thus took was simple enough when at last it was given. The sailor, Lord, had been to Hong-Kong, and there his ship had been caught in a typhoon. For a common sailor his language was uncommonly fine:—"An awful boom, a sound as of a world in pain, a supernatural terrible roar, coming no one knew whence, ending no one knew where. A dead stillness, and danger, destruction, death in its depth. . . . Their anchor chains gave way, and drifting, plunging, tossed by the seething waves, on they went through a thousand perils, dragging their anchors for miles." What the depth was in which death was, and how a ship dragged its anchors after the anchor chains had given way, the sailor forgets anywhere to tell us. His language is magnificent, but it is scarcely nautical. At length he reached Borneo, and fell in love there with "a beautiful girl, who, it seems, was already bespoken by a handsome young Portuguese." The Portuguese, whose name was Dino, and "whose only friends for years were the monkeys," had by theft amassed a treasure of "gems and brilliants, pearls and gold and diamonds." These he kept in a great iron chest which he hid in the hollow branch of a great tree which he always slept. He did not conceal it from the girl, however. She told Lord, and he made off with it, but left her behind. It is surprising, by the way, that though Dino spoke only "broken English, mixing therewith Dutch, French, and Portuguese," yet his language is every bit as fine as that of the English sailor himself, who in his turn does not fall short of Mr. Courtenay Grant. Lord had been weak enough to say that, if they got off with the treasure they would, to keep it safe, "bury it down in Maeslem Meer in Holland." When the woman found herself deserted, she told Dino of his proposed hiding-place, who, thus having a clue, sets out from Borneo, and before the story is far on joins the group at the Dutch village. Meanwhile, Lord had gone to America, and there falling ill, on his death-bed sent for Dr. Saltichus, and gave him his history of the treasure. He had, as he said, taken it to Maeslem Meer, all the way from Borneo, and there had come across a diver who seemed likely to suit his purpose:—

"Down for two or three nights running they came to Maeslem Meer, and during the cold moonlight hours, they—for John Lord pumped in air while his confederate dugs—they worked till they had found a depth in which they could bury the prize. As luck would have it, for Satan helps his own—the diver, who might have turned out troublesome in the end, died the next week after the feast."

"Then the treasure is in the sea now?"

"No; it isn't!"

"Why, if everybody's dead?"

"The place—the spot in the sea—its distance from the land, was on the scrap of paper that Lord gave me for his wife, and toil and weary work I have had. But—Maeslem Meer has been reclaimed since then; that part of it at least, and his directions were almost useless."

When Lord was dead, Saltichus set off for Holland, and managed to buy the piece of the reclaimed Meer in which the chest had been buried.

As the story goes on, the weaved-up follies of love are a little unravelled, and before very long the Baron marries Lisa, and Randolph Clara. The author evidently felt that the diamond mystery called for all his strength, and that, when Dino came from the East and Saltichus from the West to search for a treasure-box which an English sailor had sunk in a Dutch swamp, love-making was altogether out of place. Clara, however, has a good deal to do with the story. She visited the Baroness, and there was moved to envy by the sight of a blue diamond. There were only two diamonds like it in the world. One was in a diamond-cutter's at Amsterdam, the other was buried in the box. After the visit we are told "a volcano of envious rage had been smouldering in Clara's mind—an ambitious restlessness to be first, a senseless craving that embittered her whole nature, and lit a fire that was never quenched." When once a person has a volcano within them, it matters little, we should have thought, if a fire more or less is lighted. But the volcano, we must remember, was only smouldering. Saltichus works on her vanity by promising her a blue diamond if she will persuade her husband to sell him the reclaimed piece of the Meer in which the treasure was known to be hidden. Dino, in the same way, tries to get an appointment among Randolph's workmen. Meanwhile Clara visiting the diamond-cutter's shop and seeing the blue diamond that was there cannot resist the temptation and steals it. She wears it the same night at a Grand Court Ball at the Hague. Saltichus was at the ball:—

The diamond flamed like a beacon star in the room.

The Count van Rosenhagen and his wife, who had met the Randolphs at Bloemenhof, eagerly renewed acquaintance; Clara hoped that they would be present at her house the next day. Saltichus was dazzled and bewildered;

at first mad with jealousy, for how had she got that diamond—she must have trafficked with her beauty, she must have some one dearer to her than he was, richer . . . or had she been beforehand with him; had she stepped in and found his treasure? Had he—fool that he was!—told her where it was, just for her to pick it up, and put it in her hair, and madden him with her recklessness and beauty? And then a sort of loathing came over him, as he leaned against the wall, watching her dancing and talking—for men cannot bear to find in women the greed that they suffer in themselves. It is an anachronism; a woman should be beautiful and innocent, should take what the gods give her, and wear it meekly, but the wisdom of the serpent should be unknown to her.

Why an anachronism Mr. Courtenay Grant does not explain. Possibly when he wrote the passage he had not an English dictionary within reach. The diamond of course is missed and the police are after Clara. Her one hope is that Saltichus or Dino, who are acting in ignorance of each other, may dig up the box and give her the blue diamond that is in it. The scene becomes exciting. Saltichus promises to dig it out that very night and makes an appointment with her at the Meer. Nature behaved in a most suitable manner. The night wind sighed; the moon came out with a shivering start; the distant moan of the sea sounded like a long low wail; the dead strokes of the falling axe were so many death knells in Clara's ear. Out she went, but the shutters which she had to open unfortunately sympathized with nature, and also made a noise. Guy heard her, and watched her from the window. Dino, too, was lying in hiding outside the house, and pounced upon her as she came along. She escaped from him, ran up to Saltichus, whom she saw kneeling on the grass, pulling at some heavy weight, "The diamond! the diamond!" hissed she. When the moon shone out again, Clara was leaning heavily on Saltichus's shoulder, eyeing greedily the dark depths he had dug. Thereupon up came Guy and Randolph and Dino. Guy "thundered" out to Saltichus that he was "a reckless adventurer and a nameless villain." Saltichus replies by announcing himself as his long-lost brother, and offers to show him a copy of his mother's marriage register. Dino "looking round him as a dog might who sees a bone to be reached if only he can stay to work it out," swore an oath, and then fell to digging out the box. The nature of the soil was as wonderful as any part of the story, for it was not till "the close walls of earth fell in" that they pulled out the chest. Clara, "seeing all eyes straining down into those dark depths of Mother Earth"—the hole, we must remember, was so shallow that Saltichus when kneeling on the grass could reach the box—saw that her opportunity had come, and took to flight. "The blue sky and the bright moon were hidden away." She had almost escaped, "when an angry yell behind her told her she was missed, and the faithless black cloud, sailing away in its careless course, showed her flying form to her enemies." There was a policeman on the spot, who pursued her and seized her. Saltichus and Dino have a fierce fight over the box, and though Saltichus fires a pistol at his rival for the treasure, yet he does not hit, and after "a deadly conflict" the pistol is wrested from his hands and pointed at his own breast. In the end Dino gets the treasure, blue diamond and all, Clara repents, the author moralizes, and the unfortunate critic brightens up at catching sight of the end of so silly and so tedious a tale.

MINOR NOTICES.

UNDER the title of *Prussia's Representative Man**, Messrs. Lloyd and Newton have produced what, in spite of some affectations and an unprepossessing pretentiousness, is a very suggestive and interesting work. The Representative Man is not, as some persons might perhaps be led to imagine from the title, either Frederick the Great or Prince Bismarck; but an obscure and unhappy man of letters of the beginning of the present century, Heinrich von Kleist, whose writings are very little known in his own country, and, we should imagine, scarcely at all elsewhere. Under such circumstances, the title seems obviously a misnomer. Kleist's works, no doubt, breathe a national spirit, and illustrate in a striking manner one aspect of German character—devotion to patriotic duty; but there is no reason to suppose that he exercised more than the faintest influence on either his contemporaries or successors, and his own personal character was weak, puerile, and morbid in the extreme. Kleist was born at Frankfort-on-the-Oder in 1776. His father was an officer in the army, and of good, but not wealthy, family. He himself entered the army as ensign when nineteen years of age, and took part in the campaign on the Rhine. At this period he is described as a well-bred, gay young man, with a passion for music. An unfortunate love affair drove him into a life of seclusion, in which he devoted himself to a severe study of logic and mathematics; and his distaste for society, especially the society of a garrison, continuing to increase, he threw up his commission. It would appear that the change was not productive of any happy results. Returning to his home circle, Kleist became extremely pedantic, forming classes of his sisters and other girls, and even establishing a professorial chair, from which he lectured on the "History of Civilization." His temper was excessively irritable, and he regarded the slightest interruption as an offence. One day a lady went to the window to catch a passing glimpse of a procession, and he suspended his lectures for several weeks. He now fell in love again, and was betrothed, though he had no definite plans for obtaining a livelihood.

* *Prussia's Representative Man*. By Francis Lloyd (of the Universities of Halle and Athens) and William Newton, F.R.G.S. Trübner.

He hoped he might perhaps get a diplomatic appointment; and, to extend his knowledge of the world and see what his chances were, he went to Berlin and other places. His letters to his betrothed are said to be curiosities. "He seemed quite to forget that he was addressing a woman, and treated her rather as a grindstone whereto to sharpen his new-found faculties than as the confidante of unrestrained feeling." He soon had doubts of his fitness for official life, and proposed to settle in Paris, in order to develop the newest philosophy, which would involve a postponement of his marriage for at least a couple of years. By and by the conclusion forced itself on his mind that Kant was a delusion and truth unattainable, and he sank into the deepest despondency. So much, however, had been said about going to Paris that he was ashamed not to go; but he was soon seized with a strong dislike of the French, and next thought of going to Switzerland as a farmer. His betrothed, however, had been by this time sufficiently tried, and the engagement was broken off. Instead of taking to agriculture, Kleist now began writing plays, and his restlessness and frequent changes of plan were as troublesome as ever. It is evident, in fact, that his morbid state of mind was gradually turning into actual insanity. "Who would be happy in this world?" he wrote to a friend. "I feel like crying 'Fie, for shame!' when I hear you speak of such a thing. How shortsighted a man must be to strive for any object in a world where everything ends in death!" Another love affair led to an attempt at poisoning with opium. His means were now almost gone; he was mortified by the slight impression produced by his dramas and other writings; and an acquaintance with Madame Vogel, also a victim of hypochondria, fostered his gloomy tendencies. One day she reminded him that he had promised to render her the greatest service of which friendship was capable, and he pledged himself again. "Well, then," she said, "kill me; life is intolerable." Thereupon they went a little way into the country, and Kleist shot first his friend and then himself. It will be seen from this sketch that Kleist was not in any sense a national representative, but only one of those exceptional types of melancholy madness which occur from time to time in all countries. As specimens of his works, we have a prose narrative, *The Story of Kolhaas*, and a play, *Prince Frederick of Homburg*. Kolhaas, a horse-dealer, exasperated by the oppressions of his baron, was driven to seek revenge. He raised a body of men who sacked and burned the baron's castle, and then, the movement spreading, carried his ravages through the country. In the end he made his way to the Elector of Brandenburg, who gave him full satisfaction for the wrongs which had been done him; and he then voluntarily surrendered himself to justice for having taken the law into his own hands, and was beheaded. The narrative is vigorously written in a style of severe simplicity, and is very effective. The play is marked by similar energy and terseness, and avoidance of ornamental excrescences. Kleist always sticks to his story, and keeps it steadily in progress. Prince Frederick, whose thoughts were wandering on a love affair, misunderstood an order given him by the Elector, and charged with the whole of the cavalry brigade in a battle earlier than was intended. The result was a defeat of the enemy; but the Elector held that a military offence had been committed, and the Prince himself, though offered his life, insists on being shot that discipline may be upheld. Here the moral of Kolhaas is repeated; only means are contrived for not carrying out the sentence on the Prince. It is a pity that Messrs. Lloyd and Newton were not content with writing a memoir of Kleist and giving some specimens of his writings, of which, indeed, we should have been glad to have more. But they have also deemed it necessary to "erect a firmer and a truer basis for future criticism," and to explain in detail their conception of "a few principles of life deduced from, and explanatory of, human action generally." This is a wide subject, and our authors get rather lost in it. Much of what they have to suggest is thoughtful and ingenious; but the limited space at their disposal compels them to be crude and dogmatic. There is really no connexion whatever between Kleist's life or works and the general body of philosophy which they have undertaken to propound. Chapter II. begins:—"We proceed to summarize the relations of Germany to Europe, Prussia to Germany, and Kleist to Prussia, in accordance with the principles which will be found at length in the Appendices Nos. I., II., and III.," and then the reader is expected to turn to the end of the book and make himself master of the writers general notions on all sorts of subjects as a necessary introduction to the study of their views of Kleist. Apart from this, however, their book is really very interesting.

A translation has been published of a work by a German Roman Catholic exposing the iniquities of Freemasonry^{*}, which deserves attention from those who wish to understand the reason of that intense bitterness of the Roman Catholic Church on the subject which excites in the minds of most Englishmen a feeling of amused surprise. In this country Freemasonry is of all things the most harmless. It may be difficult to comprehend how men of education and intelligence should stoop to the childish mummery which, with conviviality, constitute the chief business of the Lodges; but there can be no doubt that the organization is found useful for social reasons, and, if the members are pleased, nobody else can have a right to complain of so perfectly innocent a body. At the same time, no impartial person can deny that the Roman Catholics are justified in their hostility to Freemasonry, and that when, for instance, Lord Ripon retired

from the Society, it was simply a logical consequence of his change of faith. The existence of a secret society which repudiates the authority of the confessional, and is beyond the control of the Church, is clearly opposed to the fundamental principles of the Roman Catholic system. It does not matter how innocent may be the objects of the society; it is enough that it withdraws itself from the supervision of the Church. Moreover, although English Freemasonry is quite harmless, as much cannot be said of the same system in some of its Continental forms. In the more despotic countries of Europe it has naturally been resorted to as a means of propagating revolutionary opinions, and, when occasion offered, of conspiring against the authorities; and it must be presumed that, when the English Freemasons the other day gave the hand of fellowship to those of Italy, they knew very little of the character of the latter, and of the uses to which they put their organization. The German writer whose essay is here translated, though he cannot be accepted as an unprejudiced witness, is no doubt justified in his general description of Continental Freemasons as free thinkers and enemies of the Church; and, in the nature of things, this is just what might be expected. Being fiercely denounced, the Freemasons are likely to return hatred for hatred; and where there is no free public life the temptation to use secret organization for political purposes is too great to be resisted. Nothing, however, can be more absurd than to put English and foreign Freemasons on the same level, and it is here that the writer of the introduction, who deals with our own country, falls into absurd delusions. His theory is that the general body of Masons, as a rule loyal and respectable men, are under the control of a secret committee of wire-pullers. "Would it be matter of surprise," he asks, "if it should turn out that the number of those who have been admitted in our country into that thirtieth degree of full enlightenment is very small indeed? It may be that by far the majority of English Freemasons do not get beyond the degree of mere apprenticeship, and are utterly unsuspicuous of the revolutionary and atheistic schemes that are being insidiously pushed on to their final issues by more knowing associates." Mr. Whalley is fairly matched by this writer, who hints mysteriously that the funds for the Tichborne Claimant's defence were provided by the Freemasons, and also insinuates that they organized mob meetings for Orton, and put Dr. Kenealy in for Stoke.

Mr. Vasey has devoted himself to the study of laughter^{*} with, as he says, "all the seriousness and gravity becoming a scientific or philosophical inquiry," but he has as yet only a "rough outline" of his views to offer. Mr. Vasey is of opinion that laughing has become a confirmed habit of the human race from the practice of tickling babies, and doubts whether children would ever begin to laugh if they were not stimulated or prompted, "but let alone, and treated naturally and rationally." He is very severe on parents and nurses for being so foolish as to imagine that the sounds proceeding from babies under such circumstances are manifestations of pleasure and delight. His own view is that they are "nothing more nor less than spasmodic and involuntary contractions and dilatations of the pectoral muscles and the lungs, excited into action by absurd ticklings and stupid monkey tricks." "The conclusion is unavoidable, that the absurd habit of laughing," which Mr. Vasey also thinks uncomfortable, "is entirely occasioned by the unnatural and false associations which have been forced upon us in early life." One of the chapters is devoted to "the degrading and vicious consequences of the habit of laughing." Sensible people, Mr. Vasey holds, rarely laugh, and fools who like laughing do a great deal of harm by encouraging folly in others in order to have something to laugh at. How much better, he thinks, it would be if people would be content with smiling, which does not twist the face into horrible grimaces; and he gives a number of illustrations to deter his fellow-creatures from making frights of themselves by laughing. On the other hand, there are pictures of the "entreative smile," the "contending smile," the "mother's sympathetic smile," the "infant's smile of delight," the "joyous smile of friendly recognition," the "supremely affectionate smile," the "pensive smile" (of a very idiotic character), and so on, which readers of the work can practise with the help of a mirror. We suspect Mr. Vasey will have some difficulty in putting down laughter, but it might perhaps be well if people were more reasonable in regard to what they laugh at.

Dr. Drewry has written a little book on the management of the stomach[†], which certainly justifies the promise of common sense conveyed in the title. While avoiding a technical style, he does not attempt to place his readers in a position to dispense with professional aid, but is content to give some plain directions as to ordinary diet, and the less serious, but perhaps not less irritating and depressing, disorders of the stomach. It is a common experience that difficulties of this kind are nowadays for some reason almost universal, and an attempt to bring people back to simpler and more rational habits deserves encouragement. The great fault of modern dinners is, in the author's opinion, the excessive number of dishes, and he suggests, as his ideal of a really luxurious dinner, a fried sole, a chop and potato, followed by a woodcock, served one to each guest. It should be mentioned in Dr. Drewry's favour that he avoids crotchetts, and takes a tolerant view in regard to certain things being good for some people, though not perhaps for everybody. Thus, while he deprecates the use of alcohol except for medical reasons, he sees no harm

* *The Philosophy of Laughter and Smiling.* By George Vasey. Burns.

† *Common-sense Management of the Stomach.* By George Overend Drewry, M.D. King & Co.

in the use of stimulants to feed and strengthen the nervous system, and speaks very strongly in favour of beer as the most wholesome beverage for this climate. He adds that, in his experience, there is more over-eating than over-drinking, and that the former is decidedly the more dangerous to life in its results. Moreover, there are cases in which querulousness and irritability are produced by abstaining from stimulants, just as in other cases the same thing is caused by excessive indulgence. His warning against the free use of soda and other effervescent waters would seem to be much wanted at the present time. They are, he holds, weakening to the stomach, and should be avoided as much as possible. Oatmeal porridge is strongly recommended to dyspeptic patients.

Judging by the amount of poetry, or at least of verse aspiring to be poetry, which is now published every year in England, we would seem to be becoming a highly poetical people. It is true that the circumstances of the age do not appear to be favourable to great efforts of imagination, and the poetical crop is remarkable rather for its quantity than its quality. Still much of it is really of respectable merit, and even the poorer specimens at least indicate a fair degree of cultivation, as well as capacity to enter into and enjoy a sphere of thought and feeling beyond and above the prosaic conditions of daily life. All this is very satisfactory, since it may be supposed to show that, after all, we are not so completely given over to a dull and heavy materialism as has been supposed, and in any case it tends to supply a counterpoise to such deadening tendencies. The innumerable people who nowadays write poetry may not be successful in producing much that will not be willingly let die, but at least they represent a certain amount of poetical sympathy and sentiment which is a useful leaven to the country; and it is probable that, even if their poems are not much read or thought of, the tone of mind thus cultivated may be not without its effect within the range of personal influence. At any rate the writing of poetry is sufficiently justified by the pleasure which it affords to those who write it. Nobody, except reviewers perhaps, ever hears of the great majority of the poetical works which are published in such profusion, and of course nobody is bound to read them unless he likes. They have, however, served a purpose already which is enough. The volume entitled *Sonnets and Songs**, by a writer whose assumed name, Proteus, would seem to indicate that he is already known in some other line than that of poet, is, though of a very superior character, probably one of those collections which are put forth rather for personal gratification than with a view to popularity. The tone of many of the pieces is morbid and monotonous; and it is evident that the writer has thought more of giving frank, and even naked, utterance to his emotions than conciliating his readers. It opens with "Our joys are gone, and what is left to us?" and this is continued pretty uniformly to the end, "Love, life, vain strength—Oh, who would live again?" The burden of the book is a cynical and contemptuous pity for miserable and helpless humanity, the sport of fate:—

Knowledge man hath, and power upon the earth,
And long ago he had himself been God,
But for the cruel secret of his birth
Which gave him kindred with the dust he trod,
And for the hideous ending of his mirth,
A fly-blown carrion festering 'neath the sod.

Apart from this depressing moral tone, the poems are marked by passionate vividness and bold, yet natural, imagery. There is a quiet sustained force in the verse, like that of a full but easy tide, and the language is remarkably expressive. Indeed, in point of literary execution this volume must be allowed a very high place. "A Rhapsody" is one of the few pieces in which there is no touch of gloom or bitterness, and it perhaps gains by the contrast; it is certainly a delightful study of the sunshine of the heart and of nature in jubilant sympathy. There is perhaps no poet of our day who has written anything more delicate and perfect in its tone. In "At a Funeral" the writer has succeeded in imitating Browning's dramatic effects at their best, in clear and manly English. "Requiescat" is also very impressive in its simple pathos, but we can quote only a passage:—

For he seemed sunk again in that dull trance
Through which men often pass away from life,
When death, as the lion does, has shaken his prey,
And he lies numb and dumb and powerless.

The poems are indeed full of graphic phrases. In "Soul and Body" the picture of the Queen in the galley is full of life and colour; and a "Day in the Castle of Envy" shows a happy command of picturesque detail that will compare even with the "Moated Grange." Altogether this is a very curious and interesting volume, though its prevailing spirit is to be regretted.

Mr. Norris† writes with a pleasing simplicity and tenderness, and in the most orthodox tone. Most of his pieces are of a semi-religious cast, but without being "goody."

Those who take up *Sappho*‡ expecting a classical tragedy will be disappointed, agreeably or otherwise. Although the subject is classical, the style is as remote from anything of that character as can well be imagined. There is a skittish liveliness and freedom of language about it which indicates a modern contempt for the conventional dignity of tragedy. Sappho does not mince matters when she has to speak her mind, and damns and talks of hell-fire a good deal in the course of the play. There is an odd passage in which she is made to couple Aphrodite and the Witch of Endor,

* *Sonnets and Songs*. By Proteus. John Murray.

† *Inner and Outer Life Poems*. By Alfred Norris. King.

‡ *Sappho*. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By Stella. Trübner.

though one must wonder how Sappho acquired her knowledge of the latter. The object of the piece appears to be to rehabilitate Sappho, and to point a moral against slander. One of the features of the drama is "a Phallic procession," and it may perhaps be inferred that it is not intended for representation on the stage.

Miss Dora Greenwell has published, under the title of *Liber Humanitatis**, seven or eight little essays on various aspects of spiritual and social life, such as the dignity of the human body, the connexion between the animal and spiritual nature in man, the weak points of Utilitarianism, &c. Miss Greenwell advocates a more hearty cultivation of spiritual life, and writes with an earnestness which deserves respect; but the thought is limp and the style disfigured by a hazy sentimentality.

Echoes of Old Cumberland† is a collection of poems written in a simple, unpretending style, the chief merit of which lies in their interesting representation of local scenes and old habits and customs now passing away. The arrangement of the pieces is somewhat confused; for, though a series of translations, chiefly from the Danish, are very properly relegated to the end of the volume, in the earlier part we find such odd juxtapositions as "Easter Day in Country Churches in Cumberland" and "Petrified Forest near Grand Cairo." Some of the pieces are written in the local dialect, but for the most part they are in ordinary English, though an occasional county expression is used to give colour, as, for instance, in "The Heaf on the Fell." "Heaf" is that part of an open fell pasture on which a particular flock of sheep feeds, and the instinct with which the sheep themselves know how to keep to their own heaf is said to be very remarkable.

What is called co-operation‡ would perhaps have a better chance if the co-operatives could understand that it is only a modification of a very old system which has been going on since the beginning of the world. There is co-operation in everything, or, to put it in another way, there is nothing without co-operation. The main difference between a co-operative factory and an ordinary factory is that in the latter the head man hires and directs his subordinates, whereas in the other case it is the subordinates who elect and more or less control their manager. Apart from its effect on the administration of a business, co-operation is merely a method of calculating wages which answers in some cases and not in others. Mr. Holyoake, who has undertaken to write a history of Co-operation, is naturally not disposed to regard it in this simple practical light. He apparently believes in the possibility of regenerating mankind by means of artificial industrial arrangements without reference to the disturbing fluctuations of human nature, and co-operation is elevated accordingly into something "mystic, wonderful." He traces the subject back to Sir Thomas More and other Utopians, touches on Babeuf, St. Simon, and Fourier, and a considerable part of the present volume is devoted to an account of Owen's luckless socialist enterprises. It is a very dull, confused compilation.

"Don Pedro Verdad"§ has written a little tract with the view of explaining to Englishmen the composition of sherry in its different forms. There is first the natural wine, which is used in Spain, and is coming into use in England; next, manufactured sherry, which, though not a natural product, is made entirely from the Spanish grape; and thirdly, the adulterated liquors which are passed off as sherry. Don Pedro thinks that manufactured sherry, if pure, is a very good drink for those who like it, and that the English are only beginning to acquire a taste for the natural wine. One of the delusions which he endeavours to explode is the notion that Vino de Pasto is a superior dry wine; it being, in point of fact, a very common, cheap wine, the *vin ordinaire*, or table-beer of Spain. He also points out that there is not the faintest trace of sweetness in real Manzanilla; it is of a pale straw colour, and the bitter taste is at first unpalatable, which no doubt accounts for the late Lord Derby saying that he preferred the gout to drinking it. Montilla, deeper in colour and stouter than Manzanilla, and also a natural wine, is recommended for its bouquet and body. The great obstacle, however, to the consumption of natural Spanish wines is said to be the English prejudice against any wine which is not bright and clear. The natural wine is sometimes a little thick; but Don Pedro thinks this would not matter if it were drunk out of red glasses. The fining process takes away from the delicacy of the wine, and also adds to the expense.

The Proceedings of the Manchester Literary Society, as recorded in their annual volume ||, appear to be marked by an encouraging degree of culture and intelligence. The first paper is a sketch of John Byron, and there are also essays, or rather lectures, on the works of the late Ford Madox Brown, Mr. Swinburne, the "Physiological Origin of Metrical Poetry," "Shakspeare's Country," &c. In a plea for the dialect of Lancashire as a vehicle for poetry, the writer offers a translation of Wordsworth's "Lucy" into the local tongue, of which one verse will be a sufficient specimen:—

Hoo're o' unknown, an' few could know
When Lucy coom for t' dee;
But hoo's i' th' earth, an', oh, its browt
Another day to me.

* *Liber Humanitatis*. By Dora Greenwell. Dalby, Isbister, & Co.

† *Echoes of Old Cumberland*. Poems and Translations. By Mary Powley. Carlisle: Coward. London: Bemrose.

‡ *The History of Co-operation in England: its Literature and its Advocates*. By G. J. Holyoake. Vol. I. Trübner.

§ *From Vineyard to Decanter*. By Don Pedro Verdad. E. Stanford.

|| *Transactions of the Manchester Literary Club*. Sessions 1874-5. Vol. I. Manchester: Ireland. London: Trübner.

And yet, as he says, "persons unaccustomed to the Lancashire dialect declare it, at first sight, to be harsh, uncouth, and awkward."

Mr. Dickinson remarks, in his preface to a collection of old Cumberland stories and sayings, that the people of his country are "not of the race that is wont to set the lakes on fire"; but his gatherings contain evidence of their quiet humour, sagacity, and sturdy spirit. It would have been a more interesting book, however, if it had been judiciously condensed. A large proportion of the stories are trivial and even stupid.

Messrs. Collins's *Library Atlas* is very suitable for those who want a moderate-sized book of maps for ordinary use, and who do not care for that scientific elaborateness which requires large sheets. The maps are clear and well printed. The geographical introduction is by Dr. James Bryce; that to historical geography by Dr. W. F. Collier; and that to classical geography by Dr. Schmitz.

Mr. Seymour Haden has reprinted in a pamphlet form his "Earth to Earth" letters, containing a plea for a change of system in the burial of the dead. Mr. Haden wishes it to be understood that he does not regard the wicker coffin as an essential part of his scheme, and would be glad to support any other agency by which the principles he advocates might with equal efficiency be carried out; and also that the object he has in view is sanitary, and not æsthetical.

Mr. Cummings, formerly Vicar of Cury, has written an account of the antiquities and traditions of the Lizard district of Cornwall, which contains some curious matters in regard to old customs, superstitions, shipwrecks, &c. It is illustrated with wood-cuts and photographs.

Mr. Heather Bigg has brought out a little work pointing out the superiority of the gentle treatment of spinal curvature over the more violent applications of mechanical force formerly in use. Mr. Bigg holds that the great thing is to attack the incipient deformity at an early stage; but he also believes that a great deal may be done, even when the disease has made way, by the use of a spring poise, which he describes in detail, and which gives rest to the spine and support and assistance to the weakened muscles.

Mr. Bond, of the Record Office, has prepared an enlarged and revised edition of his *Handy-Book of Rules and Tables for Verifying Dates with the Christian Era*. He gives an account of the chief eras and systems used by various nations, with easy methods for calculating the corresponding dates; and also tables of the regnal years of English Sovereigns from the Norman Conquest to the present time, with the leading dates. Mr. Bond's work is an invaluable manual for the historical student.

Mr. Jenkinson, who has written one of the best, if not the best, guides to the Lake country, has now followed it up by one to the country further north, traversed by the Newcastle and Carlisle section of the North-Eastern Railway. An interesting excursion is described in the chapter entitled "A Walk along the Roman Wall, from Coast to Coast"—the proper route, in Mr. Jenkinson's opinion, being from west to east, as the interest increases on the way.

The *Handbook to the Charities of London*, which Mr. Mackeson has compiled for Messrs. Low, is now so well known that it is unnecessary to do more than mention that a revised edition has just been issued, bringing the facts down to the present time. The "Cabmen's Shelter" seems to be the latest development of charitable relief.

If Nottingham does not possess the striking picturesqueness of some of the neighbouring counties, it has attractions of its own, especially in woodland scenery, which should prevent tourists from passing it over. Captain Lowe's Guide, which is of a convenient size, appears to be accurate and sufficiently minute.

* *Cumbriana; or Fragments of Cumbrian Life*. Whitehaven: Callander. London: Whittaker.

† *The Library Atlas*. Consisting of One Hundred Maps, with Descriptive Letterpress. Glasgow: Collins.

‡ *Earth to Earth*. By F. Seymour Haden. Macmillan.

§ *The Churches and Antiquities of Cury and Gunwalloe in the Lizard District, including Local Traditions*. By Alfred Hayman Cummings, Vicar of St. Paul's, Truro. Truro: Lake. London: Marlborough.

|| *The Gentle Treatment of Spinal Curvature*. By Henry Heather Bigg. Churchill.

¶ *Handy-Book of Rules and Tables for Verifying Dates with the Christian Era*. By John J. Bond. Bell.

** *Practical Guide to Carlisle, Gisland, Roman Wall, and Neighbourhood*. By H. J. Jenkinson. Stanford.

†† *Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1875*. Edited by Charles Mackeson. S. Low & Co.

†† *Black's Guide to Nottingham, Sherwood Forest, and the Dukery*. Edited by Capt. A. E. Lawson Lowe. Edinburgh: Black.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Further information, and copies of the Prospectus, may be had on application to the REGISTRAR.

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PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.—Applications will be received up to October 1st, next, from Candidates for the PROFESSORSHIP of MATHEMATICS and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY in this College, which with the University of Toronto, constitutes the Provincial University.

The initial salary is £200 (£400 sterling) per annum, rising to £2,400 (£600 sterling) by additions of £200 (£40 sterling) at intervals of five years. The Applications, with Testimonials (originals or certified copies) are to be addressed to the Honourable the PROVINCIAL SECRETARY, Toronto, Ontario, in enclosed marked "MATHEMATICS and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY," and should be posted so as to reach Toronto, on or before October 1st next.

JOHN McCaul, LL.D., President.

University College, Toronto, July 22, 1875.

ARCHDEACON JOHNSON'S SCHOOL, Oakham.—The Endowed Schools Commission having provided a new Scheme for this School, the Trustees will proceed to Elect a HEAD-MASTER, who must be a Graduate of some British University. There is a good Master's House, with accommodation for fifty Boarders. There are also Exhibitors' flats, and a Schoolroom, with a Master's Room, and a Library and Union Room.

The Head-Master's Salary is fixed at £150 a year, to which will be added the Capitalization Fee on each Scholar. The charge for Boarding is not to exceed £50 per annum. Full information may be obtained from B. A. ADAM, Esq., Oakham, to whom applications for the Head-Mastership, testimonials, &c., must be sent on or before Tuesday, August 21, 1875.

CIVIL ENGINEERING PUPIL.—The BOROUGH and WATER ENGINEER of LIVERPOOL has a Vacancy in his Office for a well-educated ARTICLED PUPIL.—Municipal Offices, Liverpool.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—The office of SECRETARY having become VACANT, the Council will be prepared to receive applications, stating qualifications and accompanied by Testimonials, to be forwarded to the SECRETARY of the Society, 22 Albemarle Street, on or before October 20 next. Salary £150 per annum, with good Apartments in the house, in which the Secretary is expected to reside. No one need apply who has not some knowledge of Asiatic Languages and Literature.

CORNWALL.—FURNISHED MANSION and SPORTING. TO BE LET. Furnished, with immediate possession, all that delightfully situate MANSION, called "Boskenwa," overlooking the Sea.

The House contains Three good Reception Rooms and Nine Bedrooms, besides Servants' Rooms, with Coach-houses for four carriages, and stabling for seven horses. There are good Kitchens, a Game-larder, &c. It is surrounded by a fine Wood and ornamental Ground.

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Dated August 5, 1875.

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